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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1892. No. 8.

SUNSET.

For scarce a minute's lapse, what time might fly
A swallow's shadow 'cross the sunset gleam,
The sky put on her queenly robes, whose beam
Of rippling splendor startled mountains high;
While woods, as with a voice, blush rich reply:
Then tender twilight sifts her softest flakes of dream,
As hope's sweet lamp illumines depths supreme,
With tokened sense of some sky-buried sky!

That well might be our Home with heart allure,
For like a star my soul burned in its space;
Of infinite beyonds I felt secure,
Thus seeing God's dear glory face to face;
His temple gates of pearl swung back above,
As silence, sweet as rose, breathed prayers of love!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

GOOD AT THE HEART OF EVIL.

A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES A. ALLEN, NEEDHAM, MASS.

"If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

"If I ascend up into heaven," says the Psalmist, "thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." Other religions divided the empire of the universe between the powers of good and evil: the Persians saw in this world the spectacle of a ceaseless struggle between goodness and malignity; the Scandinavians believed in a coming age of universal chaos, "the twilight of the gods," when the demonic powers should gain the upper hand; the most civilized nations of antiquity assigned to each land its own gods, and worshipped separate deities, some gracious, some cruel, in earth and sky and sea, and the dismal underworld. But to the pious Hebrew there was no evil, in either the seen or the unseen worlds, that was not firmly held in the grasp of Omnipotent Goodness and made to serve the will of the One Living God.

While it is comparatively easy to believe in the Overruling Love, it is not so easy to believe that even the blackest evil has some good at the heart of it, and that Satan himself is really a servant of the Holy God. We know how the dreadful forms of evil in this world have oppressed the imaginations of men; how the air has been peopled with witches and demons, and the underworld given over to frightful malignity, and this lovely earth, that bears us so much plenty and blessing, and makes our hearts glad with corn and wine, has seemed to be under the curse of God, because of its uninhabitable oceans and lifeless deserts, its weeds and poisons, its earthquakes and wild beasts. Can we wonder much at this when we consider the awfulness of the problem of evil, what voices of wrath seem to speak in Nature's convulsions, how agonizing are the sufferings that every generation has had to bear from disease and war and the persecuting hatreds of men, what death-dealing ingenuity seems to have contrived the fangs and talons and devouring jaws that lie in wait for their victims on sea and land and in the open air, and how remorselessly Nature sometimes crushes and tortures even the saintliest of our fellow-men? Is it strange that even to Christian men there should seem to be something out of order in the unseen world, some rebellion against the Majesty on High, which is creating all this misery on earth in pure malignity,—or, in other words, that a Devil for the present holds his own against the Almighty? This was the belief of the noble Persian race, who loved righteousness with much of the Hebrew zeal, but could see no other solution of the awful problem of evil than this doctrine of two equally balanced forces in the universe, one Good and the other Evil. In the Babylonian captiv-

ity the Jews accepted this Persian doctrine. It became part of their popular belief. But how much grander than any belief in a personal Devil was the old Hebrew faith that God reigns supreme above and below, that all evil is his ministration of blessing, and that Satan himself is the servant of the Lord!

Let us consider some of the facts discovered in modern times that confirm this ancient faith.

"Weeds," it has been said, "are plants the uses of which we do not know." They seem to be useless, because we have not studied closely enough the purposes of God, and found the hidden virtues which they have kept in store for us from the foundation of the world. The more Science searches the mysteries of plant life, the more sure it is that nothing is wasted. Medicine finds certain plant-juices, which in large quantities are deadly poisons, to be valuable nerve-tonics when given in small doses. And even poisonous plants prove sometimes susceptible of wonderful change under culture. The peach, most delicious of fruits, was once an almond, whose pulp was used to poison arrow heads; but long cultivation has transformed the poison into the exquisite flavor which we enjoy to-day.

Then look into the mineral world. How wholesome is our common table salt! Without it we should be as sure to starve as if we were cut off from bread and meat. And yet the two substances of which it is composed are poisons; but they blend together and somehow mingle their mysterious properties, creating good out of evil, the highest usefulness out of the deadliest bane. In fact, Science is daily teaching us by new discoveries that there is nothing evil except as we make it so; that poison is often medicine misused, and even foulness is always some valuable thing thrown away. There is no refuse which the earth will not absorb, and by its mysterious chemistry transmute into nourishing food or beautiful flowers and gems.

Says Ruskin: "Exclusive of animal decay, the most absolute type of impurity is the mud or slime of a damp, overtrodden path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. It is composed, in most cases, of clay and soot, with a little sand and water. Suppose that an ounce of this slime is kept in perfect rest, and its elements gather together, like to like. Let the clay rid itself of all foreign substances, and it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, fit to be made into finest porcelain and kept in king's palaces. But leave it still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white but clear, not only clear but hard, so that it can deal with the light in a wonderful way and gather the loveliest blue rays, and then we call it the sapphire. And so the sand, too, becomes a white earth, and grows clear and hard, and arranges itself in mysterious and infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power to reflect the blue, green, purple, and red rays, and we call it the opal. In like manner the soot becomes the diamond, reflecting all the rays of the sun in the most vivid blaze that any solid thing can emit. And, last of all, the water purifies itself, contented enough if it only reaches the form of a blue drop, and then it crystallizes as a star of snow. For the ounce of slime, we have a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow." Thus science finds nothing so foul that it may not reveal a hidden use or beauty, and minister in some way to man's welfare and joy.

We shudder at the devastations of the storm-winds on land and sea; but these, we now know, are needed to keep the air wholesome. We wonder at the sandy barrenness of the African Sahara; but this is the furnace that moderates the climate of Europe. The vast expanse of ocean, uninhabitable by man, seems a useless desolation; but it has proved to be the indispensable highway of commerce and civilization. Thus, one after another, the dreary or terrible aspects of nature, that once were thought to be the evidences of malignity, are found to be really the work of a wise beneficence; and all the ghastly fancies of haunting devils disappear as we reverently acknowledge even here the presence of a Loving God.

A darker mystery is the physical suffering to which all animal life is liable, and which in times of war and in some forms of disease is distressing even to think of,—a mystery as insolvable now, in its darker depths, as it was in the time of Job. But Science throws some rays of light even into this mystery. It assures us that no organ in any form of animal life was intended to

cause pain; that suffering is the sentinel to warn us of disease; that the organs which are exposed to no danger are not sensitive; and that, when the struggle for life is hopeless, pain ceases. Thus even here a deeper study may some time discover that for all pain there is some beneficent reason. At least, we already know enough to believe that the susceptibleness of animal life to pain is no proof of devilish malignity.

But when we rise into the moral world, and see how the wild passions of men rage and rend, and what horrible forms of cruelty and beastliness are possible in human life, we are tempted to say, "Surely, here must be the work of a malignant power: an Enemy of God has done this." But no! Even here a wiser study of life gives us assurance that the old Hebrew faith in the overruling Wisdom and Goodness is the true answer to all our perplexities. In the first place, Science tells us of the slow processes of development from half-brutal conditions of life, by which mankind has gained its present civilization; and we must expect that, just as the plant, when it pushes its tender leaves through the soil, carries for a while on those leaves some of the filth which has made the soil nutritious, so do the gross passions of earlier ages cling to the race for a while, till slowly cleansed away or transformed into the vigor that feeds the noblest growth. Consider what moral improvement we have record of within historic times! In the most highly civilized periods of the ancient heathen world there was such a prevalent brutality and viciousness of life that in comparison with even the refined ruling classes of those times the hoodlums of New York or New Orleans seem like gentlemen and saints. And then, secondly, as in slime and poison we can find latent purposes of beauty and service, so even in the foulest evil of human life the patient eye can often see Wisdom and Love. "God writes straight on crooked lines," says the Spanish proverb.

"God does not work as man works, but makes all
The crooked paths of ill to goodness tend."

The richest wine in Italy grows on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, in fields that have been devastated, and yet fertilized, by lava eruptions from the volcanic fires below; and so the noblest results of God's long discipline of nations have often grown from the soil of fierce and volcanic passions, that for a while seemed to blast everything sweet and holy, but supplied at last the vigor that created the world's greatest heroes and benefactors. The noblest civilizations have not been built up by South-Sea Islanders,—who, when first discovered, were a gentle, honest, and innocent race,—but by the fierce and brutal barbarians of Germany, and especially by those Norman pirates who were once the terror of Western Europe. "Crooked wood makes straight fire," says the German proverb. Yes, and it often makes the best fire, because it is tough and knotty and full of latent heat. The vehement wilfulness which has made a boyhood uncontrollable and vicious has often, when converted to high purposes, given energy and power to do great things for the right. But, even without any conversion to high purposes, God has often used the worst men to accomplish grand results. The English barons who wrung Magna Charta from King John are said to have been as great scoundrels as could be found in that time; and the Revolution of 1688, which finally secured the liberties of England, was carried through by a party as vile and vicious as was ever a political party in that country. Indeed, it is not the good men who always do the most real good. It is the very badness of bad men that sometimes best serves the purposes of Providence. Sugar is sweet and wholesome; but, when a man is suffering from nervous prostration, the physician gives him, not sugar, but strychnine, a deadly poison in too large doses. France was more turbulent, poverty-stricken, and in every way miserable under the gentle and conscientious Louis XVI. than under the selfish and unprincipled Napoleon. The greed and lawlessness of able men have been apparently the means which Providence has chosen in many cases to accomplish what no gentle saints could have done for the breaking up of old wrongs and the real advance of civilization. Things that are foul and horrible seem sometimes to promote a nobler life, as a vine at Hampton Court, admired for its rich abundant fruit, is said to have pierced a sewer with its roots, and drawn thence the nourishment that gives elements of heat and strength and delicious flavor to grape and wine.

What more foul and horrible than war! And yet war has often been God's great subsoil-plough that has prepared the way for the seed-time and harvest of a new civilization, as the wars of the Crusades brought the nations of Western Europe for the first time to a feeling of Christian brotherhood, and introduced them to the treasures of the then higher civilization of the East, and the wars of the French Revolution shattered the fetters of the feudal system throughout Europe.

But what shall we say of the problem of personal sin? Is not sin all foulness and malignity? Yes! So it surely seems to the penitent heart, confessing its sin and returning to God. In the contrast with God's holiness, nothing can seem blacker than the ingratitude and evil of its sin. It is well that the sinner should abhor it, as the outcast hates the slime which he cleanses from his clothes when he comes back to his father's home. But the apparent offensiveness of slime is no test of its real nature. The slime is not essentially and hopelessly evil. It has within itself the capacity of becoming sapphires and opals and diamonds. And so all the sinfulness of human life, all these evil passions that give to sin its foulness and horror, have a possibility of transformation into glorious things. "The passions of mankind," says Ruskin, "are partly protective and partly beneficent, none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of human nature." Temptation strengthens the moral nature, as cold weather strengthens our bodies; it searches out our moral weaknesses; it humiliates our false pride; it compels self-discipline and self-knowledge; without severe temptations there would be no heroes or saints; and thus a wise study of life shows us the profound truth of the Old Testament faith that Satan is the servant of God.

The real cause of sin is the feebleness of the will of man, too weak to grasp the higher good for which he is made, and to use for holy purposes the lower nature which might become his helpful servant. But why should we wonder that man's will proves often so feeble, when we know that he is developing from lower forms of life, and his better nature is as weak as a child's in the midst of the colossal animal passions from which he is emerging? The beast does not sin, because he has no higher nature at all; the angel does not sin, because his higher nature completely governs his whole being; man is in the midst of the process of ascending from the beast to the angel, and for a long time he must learn wisdom by the bitter experience of sin, remorse, misery, repentance, and shame. As his better nature grows stronger and clearer with the light of God's spirit, the more keenly does he feel his sinfulness, the more eagerly does he struggle to be the master and not the slave of his lower nature; and thus do sin and grace work together to bring man to a higher life.

But, thus to train the will to obey the dawning light of spiritual laws, there is need of the sharp and bitter discipline of suffering,—God's blessed ministration to his children, with which his grace is constantly co-working to educate human souls into angelic goodness. Yes! Hell itself is not devilish, but divine,—God's blessed discipline. "If I make my bed in hell," says the Psalmist, "behold, thou art there." God is there with all his love and mercy as well as his wrath and justice; for these are all one in the heart of God. His love brings sore retributions, and his wrath is loving. All things that God has made, in all the heights and depths of the universe, are good in themselves. What we call evil is simply the good which we transform into pain by our own disobedience to the blessed laws of life. How agonizing the torments of fire,—emblem of the anguish of hell! Yet fire is really a blessing. Man first rose out of a half-brutish life and began the marvellous career of civilization when he learned to strike a spark, and unchained this demon, as we sometimes call it, and made it his servant. But fire tortures us when we misuse it: we have to learn by vigilance and wisdom how to be always its master. And thus in many ways does the discipline of suffering teach us wisdom, vigilance, repentance, and a glad obedience to the highest laws. Have we not known many a feeble soul that needed just this discipline, so that it might be hammered on God's great anvil of suffering into glorious strength, and be re-created into a noble manhood or womanhood, and at last thank God for the pains it had endured? Surely,

we can all think of such instances of the blessed discipline of suffering. And, if this be the providence of God here, must it not be his blessed providence forever?—for God is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and for eternity. May we not believe that his grace, through what inconceivable darkness and anguish we know not, will at last bring even the weakest and wickedest prodigal, even the one waywardest wandering sheep, back to a humbled longing for the Father's house?

MAZZINI: HIS MISSION AND HIS PERSONALITY.

I.

Great in faith and sacrifice, strong in absolute purity of conscience, and a constancy beyond proof, he advances upon the path traced out for him by the power that invested genius with its divine mission, calm, trusting and resigned as one who has renounced the happiness and hopes of life, and bidden adieu to the brief applause, and the joy and glory of triumph, to all things save a *principle* and martyrdom for its sake.*

Goethe remarks somewhere that he unconsciously portrayed his own future character in one of the works of his youth, and these words which the young Mazzini wrote shortly before the beginning of his life-long exile, describing Schiller's Marquis of Posa in "Don Carlos," seemed to sound in our memory like the prophetic epitome of the great Italian's own career when, twenty years ago, a cablegram announced his death at Pisa, March 10, 1872, and the New York *Tribune* declared that "the most unquiet spirit of the century has passed away from the earth."

In treating of such an elect soul as Mazzini, one longs to be able to quote page after page, so that he may speak freely for himself,† as he indeed seldom did, in his published works, save when describing unawares his own personality under the guise of another. We may say of him, as he does of Posa: "One might fancy him only human in form and speech, a type of perfection created by poetic inspiration merely to display it to mankind, were it not for a vague sense of suffering which reveals itself by occasional signs or touches throughout the action or dialogue, always showing itself in his contact with others; were it not for his tears, the embrace bestowed upon Carlos, the almost maternal tenderness for the friend of his early youth, and the yearning after the affections of the heart, proving that he, too, is born of woman, and destined, like his brothers in misfortune, to suffer and to die; that his soul was created full of noble passions and gentle affections, and of love, but that he had crushed and killed every hope and illusion within him for the sake of a great idea, and voluntarily laid waste that fervid soul in order to raise therein an altar to humanity, so soon as the lesson had been revealed to him that man was not born for himself alone."

It was not until 1865 that his collected works appeared in English dress. Too much praise hardly can be lavished upon the translation of Madame Emilie Ashurst Venturi, the daughter of one of Mazzini's best friends in England, and the wife of one of his countrymen. Clear, strong, yet sparkling with poetic brightness, they seem to let the melody of the original Italian flow on in undiminished beauty, and to belie that too clever Italian proverb which says, "*Traduttore—Traditore.*" Which means literally, "*Translator—Traitor!*"

The first, third, and fifth volumes consist of his own "Recollections, Autobiographical and Political": the second, fourth, and sixth contain papers "critical and literary." It is touching to observe how the first selection (from a review of Giannoni's poem, "The Exile") foreshadows the young writer's own destiny. Born not, as so often asserted, in 1809, but, as the tablet we have seen on the front of his birthplace in Genoa tells us, on June 22, 1805, the gifted young advocate of twenty-four, only son of a prominent physician, the idol of a mother of rare loveliness and loftiness of soul, still dwelling under his parents' roof, but his heart aflame with secret ardor for his oppressed country, thus bewails the exile's lot:—

"Exile! He who first devised this punishment had neither father, mother, friend, nor lover. He sought to revenge himself on his fellow-men by saying to them: 'Be you

* Mazzini's Works, vol. ii. p. 89.

† If we ventured to quote largely from Mazzini's writings, we might expect the fate of the young Scotch minister who, having adorned his sermon with long extracts from Dr. Chalmers, apologized for it after church to a parishioner, who replied: "Oh, you needn't apologize. We *only wished it had all been Dr. Chalmers!*"

accursed in exile as I have been by nature! You shall be orphans, and die the death of the soul. I take from you father, mother, lover, and country, all but the breath of life, so that you may wander, like Cain, throughout the universe, and the iron of despair may enter into your souls.'"

Those who remember Mazzini chiefly as a patriot may perhaps need to be reminded how he tells us that his first great sacrifice was the renunciation of a literary career for the sake of a life of devotion to his country. In his own touching and beautiful language, instinct, as ever, with a strain of the highest poetry, he speaks of this cruel surrender of the thousand ideal creations which had floated before his mental eye from boyhood. It is impossible even to read a few random sentences from any of his essays without feeling that he was a man alive to his heart's core with the gift of divine eloquence and the fire of a poet.* We cannot always sympathize with his ideas. We may often think he goes too far, and must accuse him of a certain fanaticism. We may fail to enter into some of his enthusiasms, and to believe with him that Italy, having, as he said, given twice the leading word—the *mot d'ordre*—to Europe (first through her Cæsars, and then through her popes), is destined a third time to become the leader of nations in a distant future. Yet even in his most impassioned vein we feel that these are the true convictions of an heroic soul. Always we hear the undertone of his own deep, saintlike earnestness, like a strain of organ music, such as swells throughout Milton's verse. He seems born to illustrate one of Goethe's noblest utterances, in that episode in "Wilhelm Meister" where the girl Mignon is buried to the solemn strains of a prose-poem, ending with the words: "Go back, go back unto life! Take with you holy earnestness; for only earnestness, that holy thing, maketh life unto eternity."

Like Milton, he displayed a moral harmony and continuity from first to last. To the far-reaching, prophetic vision of a poet he united the zeal of a saint and the tireless fortitude of a Christian martyr. When he discusses the literature of modern Europe or any contemporaneous topic, it is always from his own lofty standpoint of an apostle to the Italian race, and, through them, to the world. He is thoroughly dramatic,—what born Italian can be otherwise?—but he is always sincere. He carries his own soul into the thick of the battle, and strikes out manfully against cant, oppression, and injustice, whether he be writing about Italian revolutions or criticising the poetry of Lamartine or Victor Hugo. But in action, as we know, Mazzini's fate was nearly always to fail. He was born to fight, not with carnal weapons, but the sword of the Spirit. Against all things base, evil, and impure, he sprang up like a Saint George prepared for battle. His darling foe was materialism in all its forms,—"*mater-r-rialism*," as he called it, with his Italian accent and ringing roll upon the *r*. His friends recall how a word, a slight allusion, served to arouse Mazzini into half-playful combat if he thought "*mater-r-rialism*" showed its cloven foot in the talk. Those desiring to know more of his magnetic personality may find pleasure in "looking backward" to a very able article by Moncure D. Conway in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1872, full of personal reminiscences of the great Italian, who, as he tells us, fascinated him at first sight. Another interesting sketch of Mazzini appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1872, by Professor David Masson, full of judicious criticism and discriminating praise; and the *Cosmopolitan* of April, 1892, in Murat Halstead's article, "The Birthplace of Columbus," gives us a picture of Mazzini's statue in a public place in his native city, and another of his massive mausoleum with heavy, simple columns, and on their cornice only, in huge letters,—

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

That tomb is in the beautiful cemetery "Lo Staglieno," about an hour's drive from Genoa, encircled by a quadrangle of marble crypts. The central space is crowded by those touching black iron crosses, decked with immortelles, which in Catholic countries supply the place of headstones for the dead. High up on the side of the slope his mother lies at rest. He seldom, if ever, saw her after his departure into exile at twenty-five. It was only in secret and by night that he visited her grave on his melan-

*The only verse he is stated to have published is a patriotic poem called "Venezia," in *L'Arturo* (Arcturus), a paper at Palermo.

choly journey back to England, when released from his short imprisonment in the Fortress of Gaeta after he had been arrested by the Italian government in October, 1870, while stirring up an insurrectionary movement in Sicily. The gray-haired prisoner of sixty-five must have looked mournfully back across his forty years of poverty, exile, and defeat to his first imprisonment in an upper cell of the Fortress of Savona, so high above the earth that all he saw was the great open sky, with what Dante calls the "*tremolar della marina*"—the trembling sparkle of the sea—lying blue and glittering out to the horizon. What a lifelong martyrdom! A waste of hopes lay between those two solitary cells. He hated, on his way home, to have to pass one night in Rome. He could not bear to see her "profaned by a monarchy." Here, then, is the weakest spot in that hero soul. Mazzini was far too fanatical a republican, too fiercely impatient of the slow march of events and the gradual workings toward a purer national life. His saintlike patience, and even his justice, fail him utterly when he writes of the Moderates, the supporters of the House of Savoy, whom he terms "that pest of Italy." To his uncompromising eyes the beautiful Italian tricolor, as it waved from the Capitol of Rome, seemed to him little better than the black and yellow flag of Austria, or the papal banner, or that of the Bourbons.

Like General Gordon, and other heroic souls who seem incapable even of ordinary self-preservation in the face of their ideals, Joseph Mazzini always was too generous. It is heart-rending to see, from a volume of his private letters to his friend Giuseppe Lamberti,* published in Italy a few years back, how for years his first exile in London was often a period of extremest penury, debts, moneys borrowed on usury, and mainly because he persisted in sharing his little all with others who too often failed to recognize their obligations to him, and never returned what he had loaned them, or expected him to help them while himself almost on the verge of starvation. It is apparent that Mazzini, like Beethoven and some other geniuses, must have been somewhat unpractical, and ought to have had some one to take care of him, to stand between him and the world. His father, after the promising young "Avvocatino," or "Little Advocate," as he was nicknamed from his delicate, youthful appearance and extreme gentleness, had flung his future to the winds by going into conspiracies, seems to have had nothing to do with him. His mother and sisters, in secret, furnished him with occasional supplies of money and coarse clothing,—coarse, because they too well knew how he would sell anything better in order to share it with others.

We love to linger on his early life in Genoa, when he was the brilliant centre of a circle of ardent youths, charmingly sketched by his friend Giovanni Ruffini, in his too little known novel "Lorenzo Benoni." Here Mazzini is depicted under the name of "Fantasio." It is a beautiful picture of an almost ideal youth, dowered with the noblest moral and intellectual gifts, like the young Milton in his loftiness, purity, integrity, and "a certain honest haughtiness," in whose presence all felt stirred to nobler strivings, and nothing base dared to intrude. Almost all have read the perfect love story, "Dr. Antonio," Ruffini's masterpiece, unique in its mournful beauty. We recommend all to learn to love his "Lorenzo Benoni," the transcript of his own and Mazzini's youth. Less ambitious, not pervaded by the romantic charm of the other, it is yet, in some things, a more companionable book, less harrowing, and leaving less painfulness behind. Slightly realistic, yet never coarse, full of touches of beauty and delicate humor, we breathe a stirring atmosphere of youthful friendship and patriotic ardor till we are ready to envy that band of young Italians of more than sixty years ago, linked together in enthusiasm for a common cause, and grouped around Mazzini as their inspiring soul.

An inspiriting presence, indeed, was that of the "Avvocatino," with his delicate figure, noble forehead over large dark eyes, and striking features framed by long black hair; dressed, too, in black, having, as he says, in boyhood, when first aroused to patriotic longings, childishly resolved always to wear black, as if in mourning for his country. Those who visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia may remember the colossal marble heads of Garibaldi and Mazzini on either side of a door leading from the art pavilion into the annex beyond.

* Like Mazzini, a patriot and long in exile.

That of Mazzini is remarkable for its fine intellectual development, the eyes deep and expressive, the nose boldly but not harshly aquiline, the whole indicating a striking personality. There lies before us a cabinet photograph evidently taken from an engraving of a painting in oil. Judging from Mazzini's letters, this must be a copy of his portrait painted in England, 1846 (aged forty-one), by Mrs. Emily Hawkes, whom he calls "the first of my English sisters," and was engraved for sale in aid of the Italians in London.

It is a half-length. The slender figure, in the tightly fitting coat of that period, leans with clasped hands against a low stone wall, beyond which we catch glimpses of far-off, rolling hills, veiled in a fading, misty light. It may be an Italian landscape; for in the foreground, near the elbow leaning on a stone, cluster those odd, thick-leaved, juicy plants, growing wild in Southern Italy, which the peasants call "*ugna di gatto*"—cat's claw—from their shape. The features, compared with photographs from life, appear slightly softened and idealized, though the oval face, with its dark, military mustache, is full of expression, set as if in lonely musing, while the large, full eyes, not meeting ours, but looking slightly to one side, recall to us what we have read of their mingled fire and softness. Mr. Conway says that Mazzini "smiled with his eyes." The pale face, with its dead black hair, rises up against the background of faint sunset sky. He is all in black, with the high clerical waistcoat always worn to protect his delicate chest from English air. There is something in this picture which suggests a woman's touch and sympathetic insight in its little details, even to the sense of pathetic loneliness overshadowing the solitary figure, and those hands tightly clasped together, held before him as if they might look for no friend to grasp them. Involuntarily, we are reminded of Margaret Fuller's words in her diary, where she says, "Yet I know that the bafflings of time will again be felt, and I shall long for some dear hand to hold."

Mazzini never married. Part of his life-long sacrifice was the surrender of the dearest ties. No enthusiastic votary of religion, Catholic or Protestant, ever embraced the career of celibacy from a more sacred sense of duty. Yet throughout his writings, especially his letters, there are irrepressible outcries of personal anguish and loneliness. He yearns for his mother and sisters, his friends left in Italy or scattered in exile, for the landscapes, the sunsets, the skies and clouds of his beloved land. He always ends his letters to Lamberti by telling him to "love thy Joseph." He utters almost a prayer of thanksgiving for the English friends who at last encircled him with their sympathizing tenderness. He was gentle and kind to all dumb creatures. Hungering and thirsting for affection and intellectual happiness, he had yet, like Posa, "crushed and killed every hope and illusion within him for the sake of a great idea, and voluntarily laid waste that fervid soul, in order to raise therein an altar to humanity."

URSULA TANNENFORST.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

The Provincial Letters of Pascal constitute a work which can never become out of date, or lose its interest for men of literary taste or of philosophic speculation. On the one hand, it deals with subjects which, under very different forms and varying conditions, have occupied the thoughtful minds of every age and every clime; while for delicate irony of style, and for the courteous yet complete refutation of an opponent, it is probably without a rival, as it was certainly without a predecessor. The work, too, is associated with one of the most interesting periods in history. It ushers in the era of Bourdaloue and Bossuet, of Fénelon and Massillon, and of the Port Royalists. No student of that period but must have marvelled at the brilliancy of the stars which then shone in the forefront of the Gallican Church; none but must have marvelled yet more at the sudden and complete collapse of a Church which could present such a show of intellectual greatness to the world. The Letters of Pascal may in some measure help to solve the problem. Mr. Jervis, in his admirable history of that Church and of that time, explains the phenomenon by referring to the Erastianism of the French clergy as the predominating cause. And certainly one finds even in the greatest divines of the period a miserable adulation of "Le

Grand Monarque," which speaks but little for that independence of mind which is the inseparable mark of a vigorous life. But the causes of the decline were, perhaps, more complex. In some measure at least it may be traced to the extreme corruption of the French clergy in the preceding age, and to the timidity and dislike with which the central authority at Rome regarded such movements as that of Jansenius and of the Port Royalists. Perhaps there is something necessarily transient in an Augustan age, something enervating in the intellectual self-adulation which it engenders, something enfeebling in the sensitiveness of its taste, and in its aversion to the rough and vigorous movements of a less refined generation. However, as I have already said, the subjects of Pascal's Letters are those not of one age nor of one nation, but of all time, and of all thinkers.

His first three Letters deal with that great question of Necessity which, under the guise of fatalism, could fascinate the Oriental mind, as, under the terms of "grace" and "free will," it could stir the soul of Augustine and color the theology of the Western Church. Doubtless, as Mr. De Sayres carefully points out, Pascal and his clients were committed to the extreme statements of Saint Augustine on this subject, which they had great difficulty, and no great success, in distinguishing from the obnoxious doctrines of Calvin. On the other hand, the authority of Augustine was in itself a tower of strength; and it was impossible for the Roman Church to condemn in express terms the *ipsissima verba* of her great doctor. The Anglican State Church has often been described as offering a compromise between the Calvinist and Arminian views, but the *via media* between two great principles is by no means necessarily a compromise, in the sense of a timid and unworthy surrender of a truth or the partial admission of error. It is in such a case rather the honest and courageous admission of two apparently opposed truths, neither of which can be denied with accuracy or neglected with prudence. It is this position which the Church of England took up at the Reformation, not with respect to the controversy upon free will alone, but in regard to the rival claims of authority and of private judgment also,—a position not, in fact, neutral between the two, but rather embracing both as far as they come within the scope of reconcilability. And this, its defenders maintain, must be the case with all sound philosophy; while rationalists maintain, conclusively as it seems to me, that there can be no ultimate reliance except in the integrity of human reason.

The real interest of Pascal's Letters begins with the fourth, in which, as in those which follow, he deals immediately with the Jesuits, and exposes with consummate skill their subtle system of casuistry. If Providence can be said to prepare beforehand, and to select its instruments for any great work, it certainly seems to have been so now in the case of Pascal. With the instinct of genius, he pitched on the very key needful for popular effect. The artifice of addressing the Letters to a simple-minded Provincial was itself exceedingly happy, and justified him in the use of plain expressions and illustrations, which else had been void of effect in theological debate. The third Letter from the "Provincial" carried out the ruse, and further piqued curiosity. Could the author, after all, be as simple as he seemed? Was the third Letter real? These were the points that were then discussed eagerly throughout France. Father Bouhours tried to throw ridicule on the Letters because of their title. He said that instead of "Provincials" they should be called "*Les Campagnardes*," or the "Bumpkins,"—"Letters from a Country Bumpkin to his Friends,"—a title which, after all, might have conveyed a compliment, as indicating how well the dramatic medium was sustained. It is probable that the *ars celare artem* was never more successfully practised, and the rôle of a simple, wondering learner never so perfectly enacted by an acute and sarcastic reasoner. Alike in spirit and style, the Letters were too pertinent to be laughed aside by feeble wit like that of Father Bouhours. Whatever be the charm of polished irony, we have it here; and it would seem to have been admirably adapted to the keen and polished audience of the French capital. The pen of Aristophanes was not more humorous, while no trace of the coarseness of the Greek satirist was there. Beneath the polished surface of a style so exquisite there was felt to be not only deep earnestness of purpose,

but a spirit of such devout and unaffected piety as gave a new point altogether to the shafts of wit, and astonished, as well it might, a court and a society which had associated wit with very different aims.

Pascal would have been almost more than man if success such as his had not induced some pride, if victory had not bred a joy in the giving of wounds. As the Letters proceeded, there can be little doubt but this was in some measure the case. And, therefore, I regard Dr. Tulloch as exercising discrimination when he writes thus: —

There can be no doubt that Pascal took a distinct pleasure in the anonymous wounds which he inflicted. He had a certain love of controversy from the beginning, a feeling of self-assertion when he took up a cause, and a personal ambition to triumph in it, which carried him forward, and which came out with almost painful vividness in the closing Letters. The rage of the Jesuits may be imagined. At first, they hardly knew whether to laugh with the world or to be indignant. It was so difficult to set forth any direct reply to productions mingling such a subtle irony with grave attack. They could only say of them, as they afterward more formally did, *Les menteurs immortelles*. . . . Their object, in one form or other was the defence of the Jansenist doctrine, and the Port Royalists as its supporters. They open up the whole subject of the moral theology of the Jesuits, and constitute the most powerful assault ever probably directed against it. . . . The effect of the Letters was not only to alarm the Jesuits, but the Church. The scandal of their exposure was so deeply felt that the curés of Paris and Rouen appointed committees to investigate the accuracy of Pascal's quotations, and the result of their investigation was entirely in Pascal's favor. This led ultimately to the matter being carried before a general assembly of the clergy of Paris, which, however, declined to give any formal decision.

The first attack turned, as we have seen, upon the verbal distinctions drawn by the opposite party upon the subject of "grace, sufficient, actual, and efficacious"; and, had it remained there, the controversy might perhaps have been as little entertaining as such controversies are wont to be. But the point was soon changed, and the attack was carried into the very heart of the enemy's camp. A certain section of the Jesuits had introduced into the practice of the confessional a system of casuistry which Pascal felt to be positively subversive of morals. It was upon this that he turned the pitiless storm of his raillery, and the conflict soon became exciting enough.

The subject of casuistry is one of acknowledged difficulty. Cases of conscience do from time to time arise difficult of solution, in which simple honesty of purpose may be insufficient to determine right and wrong. The well-worn instance of the doubtful obligation to truth in dealing with a madman or a murderer; the constraint to a certain kind of insincerity which the customs of society impose; the complex regulations of commerce and the conventional standard of rectitude which practice thus insensibly establishes,—may serve as illustrations in point. Yet even in these cases I believe that the most effectual, as most unerring, solvent will be found in the golden rule of the gospel, as when Saint Paul disposed of the once difficult question of meats dedicated to idols by a reference to the supreme rule of charity. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that these with whom Pascal was contending had been working with far other and less noble ends in view than the ascertaining of truth or the regulation of duty. These men were aiming at a base compromise, at a reduction of the standard of Christian obedience to the level of worldly compliance. There was an effort to make virtue easy by relaxing its obligations, and to recommend the practice of religion by resolving it into the most mechanical and perfunctory observances. And for what, after all, was this sacrifice to be made? To retain in the external communion of the Church men whose whole spirit was alien to its teaching; to induce men to submit to the direction of their confessors, who were, in fact, reducing the confessional itself to a scandalous farce; to palliate the vices, while they canonized the religion, of sovereigns such as Louis XIV.; and among ecclesiastics to produce a class of men of whom M. Talleyrand was the latest development. It is perfectly true that Christianity is, like its Author and Founder, abundantly tender to the infirmities and even to the sins of mankind; but it is not by confounding the distinctions between right and wrong, nor by relaxing the claims of truth and honesty, that it shows this tenderness, but by guiding and helping

the penitent in new and difficult paths. It nowhere eliminates self-denial and self-restraint from the code of rectitude, but plainly declares the straightness and narrowness of the way of righteousness.

But let us return to our friends Escobar, Molini, and the rest. Their methods of casuistry were such as one would suppose would satisfy none but very willing disciples.

The first was that of "Probabilities," which, though not originally invented by the Molinists, was carried by them to the highest pitch of perfection. True it is that, in the words of Bishop Butler, "probability is the very guide of life," that few moral and still fewer religious propositions can be brought to absolute demonstration; but, then, it is the greater probability which is to be our guide,—a probability which is in accordance with an instructed conscience, and which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred amounts to a moral certainty. But with the Casuists the case was altogether different. The fact that any ground of probability, however slight, could be alleged on either side of a proposition sufficed to render both admissible, and left the inquirer free to take either alternative at his choice. It mattered not that the voice of the early Fathers had been consentient on one side; as, for example, as to the necessity for the restitution of goods fraudulently obtained. A single opinion on the other side could neutralize their authority, and justify the retention of ill-gotten spoil. Not only so. Absolution could not, under pain of mortal sin, be refused to any who alleged such a probable opinion in justification of their acts, even were the priest himself convinced to the contrary. "Sæpe premente Deo fert Deus alter opem." It is with difficulty that I refrain from quoting the exquisite piece of raillery with which Pascal concluded his sixth Letter on this subject, but space forbids; and I can only refer my readers to the original.

But the Casuists had yet another principle of most convenient application, which could not fail to meet with ready acceptance at the court of Louis XIV. It was that on "Direction of Intention." Certainly, the moral character of an action would seem to be determined by the intention with which it is committed. An injury, however grave, is yet venial if really and truly unintentional; nor is one justly chargeable with murder who, aiming at a target, accidentally shoots a man concealed from view. But supposing that, having, in fact, the knowledge that his enemy is within the line of shot, he still shoots at the target and kills his foe, what shall we say, then, of the innocent character of the action, albeit the shooter may direct his attention rather to the target than to the man whom he kills? And, that this is no unfair representation of the teaching of the Molinists, numerous instances quoted in the Letters serve abundantly to prove. Men might innocently fight duels,—nay, might slay any with whom they chanced to have a quarrel, and that even by an ambuscade or by a secret blow,—if only they "*directed their intention*" to the vindication of their own honor, or the prevention of some serious inconvenience which might result from the action of the person in question rather than to the incident of his death. Valets, by a similar judicious direction of the intention, might conscientiously hold ladders for their masters and carry their love-letters, and, should their wages be in their own opinion insufficient, they might innocently steal the remainder of their due. Unfortunately, this last maxim had been put in practice by one Jean Alba, a servant of the Jesuits themselves; and Pascal was not the man to lose so happy an opportunity of testing their consistency.

"Le malheureux," he writes, "étant interrogé avoua qu'il avait pris quelques plats d'étain à vos pères; mais il soutint qu'il ne les avait pas volés pour cela, rapportant pour sa justification cette doctrine du Père Bauny, qu'il présenta aux juges avec un écrit d'un de vos pères, sous lequel il avait étudié les cas de conscience, qui lui avait appris la même chose. Surquoi M. de Montrouge dit en opinant qu'il n'était pas d'avis que sur des écrits de ces pères, contenant une doctrine illicite, pernicieuse, et contraire à toutes les lois naturelles, divines et humaines, capable de renverser toutes les familles, et d'autoriser tous les vols domestiques on dût absoudre cet accusé. Mais qu'il était d'avis que ce trop fidele disciple fût, fouetté devant la porte du collège par la main bourreau, lequel en même temps brulerait les écrits de ces pères

traitant du larcin, avec défense à eux de plus enseigner une telle doctrine, sur peine de la vie."

With this singular *reductio ad absurdum* I take leave of the doctrine of "intention," and can only briefly refer to a single other point which is eminently characteristic of the system attacked in these Letters.

I have said that the object of the Pères Jésuites was to retain within the communion of the Church those to whom its duties and its restraints were alike burthensome. With this view, not only were the obligations of morality most arbitrarily relaxed, but the claims of religion were reduced to what may fairly be described as a vanishing point. All that could be required of a courtier or fine lady engrossed in the affairs of a very secular and not very pure life would be to salute the Blessed Virgin daily with the simple greeting, "Bon matin," "Bon soir," or, if this effort of memory should prove too considerable, the words might be engraved upon a bracelet or a locket, which would "speak for itself." And, if it should still be thought necessary to hear Mass, the process might be shortened and the effort lightened by the simple expedient of attending some great church, as that of Notre Dame, where four Masses, we will say, were going on at the same time, each priest reciting a different portion, so that the whole might be accomplished in a quarter of the time. But I must desist. Fascinating as is the subject, I must remember that I am writing not an essay, but only a few notes. "Fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secundi." And, therefore, I must omit the interesting defence which Pascal offers of the use of irony in sacred topics; nor may I dwell upon his indignant repudiation of the charges so freely brought by his opponents against the pure and self-denying lives of his friends at Port Royal. Yet, perhaps, we do some service to our age if we draw attention to the wretched consequences which inevitably follow from such cowardly trifling with the foundations of morals or with the supreme obligations of personal religion.

It remains to add that by the confession of the first French critics the Provincial Letters did more than any other composition to fix the French language. On this point the suffrages of all the most competent judges—of Voltaire and Bossuet, D'Alembert and Condorcet—are unanimous. "Not a single word occurs," says Voltaire, "partaking of that vicissitude to which living languages are so subject. Here, then, we may fix the epoch when our language may be said to have assumed a settled form." "The French language," says D'Alembert, "was very far from being formed, as we may judge from the greater part of the works published at that time, and of which it is impossible to endure the reading. In the Provincial Letters there is not a single word that has become obsolete; and that book, though written above a century ago, seems as if it had been written but yesterday." A thoroughly qualified English authority, Prof. Henry Rogers, pronounces this judgment: "As these Letters were the first model of French prose, so they still remain the objects of unqualified admiration. The writings of Pascal have, indeed, a paradoxical destiny. 'Flourishing in immortal youth,' all that time can do is to superadd to the charms of perpetual beauty the veneration which belongs to age. His style cannot grow old."

Boileau's admiration for Pascal was unbounded. He declared the Provincial Letters to be the best work in the French language. Madame de Sévigné, in her letters, narrates a whimsical scene that took place between him and some Jesuits. Their conversation turned on literary subjects, when Boileau declared that there was only one modern book to be compared to the works of the ancients. Bourdaloue entreated him to name it. Boileau evaded the request. "You have read it more than once, I am sure," he said, "but do not ask me its name." The Jesuit insisted; and Boileau at last, taking him by the arm, exclaimed: "You are determined to have it, Father. Well, it is Pascal." "*Morbleu!* Pascal!" cried Bourdaloue, astonished. "Yes, certainly Pascal is as well written as anything false can be." "False!" exclaimed Boileau. "False! Know that he is as true as he is inimitable." On another occasion the Jesuit already named, Father Bouhours, consulted Boileau as to what books he ought to study as models for style. "There is but one," said Boileau. "Read the Provincial Letters, and, believe me, that will suffice." Voltaire

expresses the same opinion. He calls Pascal the great satirist of France, and says of the Letters that Molière's best comedies do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity.

S. Fletcher Williams.

Scarborough, Eng.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Thy fine face and twinkling eye
Will my lines with wit supply;
All I lack thy name bestows,
Mystic music from it flows,
As what time pied piper blew,
Children near and far he drew,
But wise men and children twain
Follow thy enchanting strain,
Through the town and o'er the lea,
Lost in love's wild ecstasy!

Nature, from her finished plan,
Fashioned thee a noble man:
Poet, scholar, leech, and wit
Fortune found thy mould would fit.
Thus her varied gifts we see
All combined as one in thee!
Small of form, but large of heart;
Great of mind, so swift to dart
Like a swallow on the wing,
When thy mirthful soul would sing!
We have heard thy rippling lay
Breathing wisdom many a day,—
Heard, and still desire to hear,
Its perfections many a year!

Memory tells thy numbers o'er
As a child its fairy lore;
Hymn and song and lyric fine
Touch thy harp with notes divine;
Speech, romance, and chatty pen
Tell thy story unto men!
Let me the small sailor know,
Ship of pearl that blest thee so;
May the lesson long abide,
Inspiration thee supplied;
May my soul enlarge to be
Brotherhood of soul to thee!

Thou our genial, jovial friend,
Honors crown thee to the end,
Blessings follow through the gleam
Of our love's immortal dream,
Where the saintly souls are blest,
Thy companions long confest,
Singers God as angels sent,
Cheering us in banishment;
Thou with them a power shalt be,
Torch of truth and poesy,
For the teacher keeps his place
Till the dying of the race,
Shedding brightest beams afar,
Like the glowing of a star:
So thy star shall burn and glow,
So thy countrymen shall know
Thee for generations long,
Golden star of sweetest song!

William Brunton.

Malden, Mass.

WAS JESUS "NOTHING BUT A MAN"?

While the Orthodox doctrine about Christ emphasizes his divinity, the Unitarian doctrine emphasizes his humanity, and thus brings him, as we believe, nearer to man, and makes him more really a help to our human life. But, one will ask, was he nothing but a man? O my friends who ask such a question, can you hold that man was made in the image of God, that he is our Father, and that we are his children, and then say "nothing but a man," as if it were but a mean thing to be a man? a mean thing to be made in the image of God? a mean thing to be the child of God? It is a most pernicious thing to think so meanly of our humanity, as if it were incapable of rising to any high estate or of attaining anything really good; pernicious, because it cuts the roots of faith in ourselves ever becoming better than we are except through some miraculous aid. And it does great dishonor to God thus to slight his workmanship, and to speak of it or think of it as though it were utterly evil.

Those who still hold that humanity is totally depraved, and that there is no good in it except what comes from the outside, will of course be unwilling to class Christ as a man. But those who hold that **humanity** is capable of the highest possibilities will not feel that Christ is dishonored by such a classification. On this latter ground Unitarians, and others of the liberal faith, stand. We believe that there is something of divinity in every man, or else God is not our Father. We believe in the divinity, to a greater or less degree, of every man. We recognize that this divinity is often cast under a cloud, and sometimes almost wholly obscured by the sin which corrupts humanity so much. We shut our eyes to nothing of the evil that any see in man. And yet we believe that all these things are not his true nature, but that he is the truest specimen of manhood who gives the divinity in him the fullest growth.

We believe that the fullest growth of divinity in man, the fullest measure of divinity that has ever been attained in a human life, was realized in the person of Jesus. And, if any wish to speak of Christ as divine to a special degree, we do not object

so long as they do not try to place him upon such a plane as will remove him from ourselves, or make his nature different from our own in any way, except that he realized its privileges more fully than we have done. We look upon Jesus as an example of the highest perfection humanity has ever reached,— humanity expressed in its highest terms, and yet a man. We look upon him as the most perfect flower that has ever sprung from our common clay, and yet as thoroughly human. And we dare not say that there can ever again arise one who shall manifest the love of God, or do the will of God, as perfectly as Jesus did. Indeed, when Paul says, "Till we attain unto . . . a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," * he seems to mean that it is the destiny of us all to reach the standard that his life has set for us. Nor are we bold enough to limit the power of God by saying that there can never be a time, in the far distant future, after humanity shall have advanced many a stage beyond all that it now has realized, in which God shall be able to raise up one who shall point his children on to ideals which as yet, even in the sublime character of Jesus, are not realized or imagined. I say this, too, in a feeling of the deepest reverence for the person of Jesus, and in the persuasion that he has set up for humanity a standard that men must strive toward for ages yet to come before they have begun to attain its fulness.

Do we believe that Christ was the Son of God? Yes: if there be thought to be any advantage in still using a phrase which theologians have abused for a thousand years, into which they have put meanings both unscriptural and untrue, and which is still liable to be misunderstood whenever it is uttered, then we will use the phrase, and say that we believe that Christ was the Son of God. But we wish it to be clearly understood that, if Unitarians are heard to use that phrase, they do not mean by it to assert the deity of Christ. We believe that all men are the sons of God. We imply this in the first two words of the Lord's Prayer. We find that this is the teaching of the New Testament. Any concordance will show that there are nearly a score of places in which others than Jesus are called "sons of God," or "children of God." * Many of us, alas! are unworthy sons; many of us are little enough like our heavenly Father; but yet, if we believe in the fatherhood of God, we must also believe in the sonship of man. We gladly allow that the character of Jesus was such as to entitle him to be called, more truly than others, the Son of God; and we have no desire to say, as some do say, that he was no better than many men of to-day, or no better than Confucius, or Buddha, or Socrates, or Epictetus, or other great and holy ones in the world's history. We believe that the records which remain to us of his life, and the influence his character has had upon the world, are such as to compel the judgment that he exceeds all others in those elements that make man God-like. But, if we say that Christ was the Son of God, we are very far from saying that Christ was God. We simply say he became what every man ought to become, and might become by opening his nature to the will of God, as Jesus did, and what every man will become, exactly according to the proportion by which he follows the footsteps of Jesus.

And we believe that this view of Christ, when reverently held, is many-fold more helpful to poor suffering, sinful humanity than the one which makes him very God, as well as very man. If Jesus, as a purely human being, having a nature like our own, a nature with no greater possibilities than the nature of every man contains, was able to live the kind of life that he did, was able to let the divine within him develop till it ruled his whole nature, and was able to realize a life untouched by temptation and unsoiled by sin, then there is inspiration and hope for you and me, that we, men like himself, may, if we will use the means that he used, reach the results that he reached. His life gives men the testimony of an actual experience that it is possible for a man to become fully worthy of the name "Son of God." His example shows men how they, too, may become divine. If men will pray as Jesus prayed, they may live as Jesus lived. But if Jesus was not only very Man, but also very God, then he lived in vain for us, his life gives us no help. That a God-man should live in the world, and

* Eph. iv. 13.

* Matt. v. 9; John i. 12; Rom. viii. 14; Gal. iii. 26; John iii. 1, etc.

overcome its temptations, gives no assurance whatever that those who are no more than human may do the like. I have a hard lesson in life to learn. I am told that some one else has been able to learn it before me, but that he has superhuman powers. It does me no good, for I have not superhuman powers. But if one quite like myself, working under the same conditions under which I am placed, has learned the lesson, then I have every confidence that, if I follow his plan, I may reach his results. This is the lesson of the life of Jesus as understood by Unitarians, and it is a lesson that is altogether lost by the form of faith which gives to Jesus a nature which it denies to the rest of humanity.

EARL MORSE WILBUR.

Portland, Ore.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

As through the thickest battle onward leads
The fighting host some great and valiant soul,
Nor recks of loss or gain, but forward fares,
So leads us in the van of human thought
This strong-armed Hector o'er the moving field;
Nor pause nor fear he knows, but ever on,
And wields his sword and casts the gleaming lance,
While smaller men grow mighty at his back,
And high above the conflict sounds his voice
That onward calls the host to Truth and God.

O. R. WASHBURN.

Hartland, Vt.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

A little more than a year ago a very interesting and significant movement for the promotion of Christian unity was set on foot in this country and England by Mr. Theodore F. Seward of East Orange, N.J. It takes the name which heads this article. It aims to be wholly unsectarian by bringing Christians together upon the basis of the few simple ethical and spiritual fundamentals which lie at the heart of all Christianity, and which, therefore, Christians cannot divide into sects over. In this it is exactly identical with Unitarianism; but, because it does not take the Unitarian name, it seems to be meeting with much favor even among members of orthodox churches. Of course all liberal Christians are in heartiest sympathy with it. Mr. Seward explains his plan of organization and operation in two articles in the *Christian Union*, which we copy in the main. He writes: —

As a means of inaugurating the movement, I have, after due consideration, and upon the advice of judicious friends, decided upon the following plan: I have prepared a small pamphlet presenting the plan of the Brotherhood, with various reasons for forming it. This pamphlet, with two copies of the pledge, will be sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents. One copy of the pledge is to be kept by the signer, and the other returned to me to be entered in a list of members of the Brotherhood. The pamphlet is copyrighted, which secures the title of the association and thus prevents a possible misuse of it in the future. It is hoped and expected that all who sign it will induce others to do so, and thus carry on the movement in every community where it is begun. The pledge will read as follows: —

THE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Pledge of Membership.

I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the Founder of Christianity — love to God and love to man — as the rule of my life. I also agree to recognize as fellow-Christians and members of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity all who accept this creed, and Jesus Christ as their leader.

I join the Brotherhood with the hope that such a voluntary association and fellowship with Christians of every faith will deepen my spiritual life and bring me into more helpful relations with my fellow-men.

Promising to accept Jesus Christ as my leader means that I intend to study his character with a desire to be imbued with his spirit, to imitate his example, and to be guided by his precepts.

(Signed) ———

The suggestion of the plan met with an immediate and wide-spread approval. Prominent magazines and religious journals mentioned it favorably, and multitudes of letters were sent to me from all parts of the country asking for further information. Two significant facts were noticeable in these letters. (1) The writers were not limited to any special class, but represented nearly every known denomination, orthodox, heterodox, and no dox. (2) Although the plan was spoken of as a laymen's movement, yet many letters came from ministers, thus showing that they recognized it as not an-

tagonistic, but supplementary, to their own work. In many cases, the sympathy of the writers has been shown by signing and returning the pledge. The Brotherhood already includes among its members clergymen of all shades of belief, college presidents and professors, editors, scientists, and men and women of all varieties of opinion, in the churches and out of them.

This history is not surprising when we consider the present condition of the Christian world. The Church is being aroused to a new sense of its duty and responsibility in elevating and Christianizing the masses of the people. This at once brings into prominence the immense waste of power which results from the present system of divided efforts. It thus becomes evident that the paramount duty of the hour is to bring the churches, and not the churches only, but all humanitarian agencies, into united and harmonious action. The Brotherhood of Christian Unity proposes a feasible plan for accomplishing this result. Its pledge furnishes a platform upon which all churches and all organizations or individuals who wish to carry out the spirit of Christianity can unite. The teachings of Christ embody everything that is good and practical and helpful in the ethical socities, the theosophical societies, and all organizations and fraternities having in view the public good. The Church ought, therefore, to be the sustaining power beneath every form of philanthropic effort. The Brotherhood is not, in reality, a new organization. It is merely an aid to all other organizations. Wherever there is to be united effort, there must be some basis of union. The various existing organizations cannot combine for practical work without some orderly method of combination, such as the Brotherhood supplies. No complex machinery is necessary to this end. A central committee in each place will be sufficient. Through this medium, diffused effort may be transformed into concentrated effort. Force that is now wasted will be economized. The combined Christian element in any community will be like a giant dynamo from which all spiritual force will proceed, and the proper share of the electric current will be directed in every channel, according to its need.

A gratifying feature of the movement is its evident mission to the unchurched. Many non-church members have signed the pledge; and the gratitude they express at the opportunity afforded them of declaring themselves on the Lord's side, without subscribing to a formidable creed, is sometimes very touching. This side of the work seems likely to be a very important part of the movement. An eminent scientist, in signing the pledge, writes: "It seems to me that the plan ought to enlist the support of many who find the churchly limits of creed too much restricted, yet who would gladly sign your pledge. Among these I believe there are many of the scientific men of this country who have found much annoyance in the attitude of the churches toward their efforts in the search for truth."

The inauguration of the Brotherhood in any community is very simple. Wherever two or three are gathered in Christ's name, he will be with them, and the work may begin. Those who become interested should at once form themselves into a committee to secure concert of action. One of the first steps should be to prepare for a union meeting. Pastors, and all classes of Christian workers, should be consulted, and every care taken to make the movement as general as possible. If desired, I am willing to go to any place, within practicable distance of New York, to address a meeting.

The work of the Brotherhood is so multifarious that the different forms of possible operation can only be suggested:—

1. To induce non-church members to sign the pledge as a first step toward or into the kingdom of Christ.

2. To lead church members to sign it as a means of breaking down ecclesiastical barriers.

3. To help and encourage each other in carrying out the spirit of the pledge, thus substituting love and sympathy for the class and caste distinctions which are now too common in the churches.

4. To serve as a medium for united effort among the churches.

5. To assist other organizations, such as the Evangelical Alliance, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, Working girls' Clubs, etc.

6. To circulate literature for the promotion of Christian Unity.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.
East Orange, N.J.

*THE STORY OF A LETTER FROM INDIA.**

It is about four years ago now that I received a letter which bore the postmark of one of the North-west Provinces of India. The very address struck me as indicating that there must be a story behind it. In a good bold hand, not at all like that of a foreigner, it was inscribed,—

"To the Chief Pastor of

"The Unitarian Congregation at Boston,

"Massachusetts, United States,

"America."—

And then, to meet the possibility that there might not be any Unitarian congregation in Boston, there was written large across the top,—

"N.B. None but a Unitarian is allowed to open this envelope."

I opened it with a good deal of curiosity. Inside was a long letter—thirteen closely written pages—in perfect English, not three misspellings or foreign expressions in the whole, and in the hand of an educated gentleman. And *this* was the story that it contained: —

The writer told that he was the son of a Trinitarian minister, who had been converted from Mohammedanism some twenty years before, and who after a time had been ordained as a regular clergyman, and had ever since been working and living at the Mission House of the "S. P. G." at Banda. There the writer—Akbar Masih—had been born and brought up as a stanch Trinitarian. He had received some English education, had attended the University of Calcutta, and then studied law, and, at the time he wrote, was practising as a pleader,—a young man of twenty-three years old.

When he had returned to Banda, however, he began to study theology with some idea of training for "holy orders." But now his difficulties began. They taught him the creeds, he read, especially, Bickersteth's "Rock of Ages" (the same which stirred Dr. Sadler, you remember, to the one controversial work of his life), and was duly put through the regulation proof texts. But, reading these things with the careful way of a lawyer, he found that somehow the texts did not prove the creeds. Moreover, he found by his reading "that almost all those passages from which Trinitarians infer the divinity of our blessed Lord and the doctrine of the Trinity are no part of the Scriptures. Some are shamefully corrupted, and others admit of a very natural and easy but different explanation." Well, he pointed these things out, and they began to say, "Ah! you are becoming a Unitarian!" "What *is* a Unitarian?" he inquired, but then they would not tell him. He wrote to one of the church papers, asking, but the editor refused to answer,—said he "could not help him in what he thought an ungodly deed!" And so the poor man kept trying, in vain, to hear of any Unitarian, in India or anywhere. At last a friend, reputed in the district "an antichristian," lent him a copy of Channing's Works, and this gave him a clew. Channing's writings were very interesting to him, but added very little to his former convictions. Channing's doctrine was about where he had got to before ever he saw a word of any Unitarian writer. However, Channing's name was enough. Through a biographical dictionary he found that Dr. Channing had once been a minister in Boston; and so, at last, for the chance that there might be still some Unitarians in Boston, and in his longing to come into touch with any one who held this new faith of his, he launches this letter,—"To the Chief Pastor of the Unitarian Congregation at Boston."

Very pathetic is his plea: —

> Will not you, dear sir, if you profess the same faith, if you acknowledge the same Lord and Saviour, for Jesus' sake, lend me a helping hand yourself, and induce others to do so? It is not money or worldly favor which I ask for. I thank God that he has given me enough and to spare for satisfying the daily necessities of life. I only want such materials as may assist me in strengthening, establishing, and defending this my faith. . . . Unitarian theological books cannot be had here. Brethren, for Jesus' sake help me. Cannot you spare a book for me from your inexhaustible library?

Much more to the same purpose is there,—the whole a sort of passionate reaching out for sympathy and fellowship in the sense of the utter spiritual loneliness into which his new thoughts had brought him. Of course, we gave him the fellowship and the books. I need hardly tell how cordially I replied, and what a good parcel of our

* From the London *Inquirer* of July 2.

best standard works the American Unitarian Association sent off within a few days. And I could not help thinking how glad it would make him to hear that in Boston, where he was not quite sure of even one Unitarian church, there were twenty-eight, and that both in America and England there are large organized Unitarian bodies; and that in Central Europe there is the Transylvania Unitarian Church, with schools and colleges, and above a hundred congregations, dating back over 300 years. This is the beginning of the story. Now as to what has followed. In about three months came his first reply to mine, and acknowledging the books. It was simply so full of questions that I shrank from answering it—for it would have involved an amount of intricate arguing such as I could not find leisure for. The fact was he had been reading these new treasures I had sent him with just the same keen scrutiny with which he had been accustomed to read the orthodox books in the mission clergy house; and, all new as our thoughts were to him, he could not at once get the perspective and proportion of them. Especially, he had been accustomed to the most exact textualism: there was the curious thing that it was while regarding the whole Bible as every word inspired that he had said to his orthodox friends that even on that showing it did not teach their creeds. And now he found that Unitarians do not look at things that way, that we do not profess to be bound by the letter, but look to the general tenor and spirit, placing most stress of all simply on the teachings of Christ himself. So he poured out question after question. Did we Unitarians not hold the apostles infallible? And, if not, did we think Christ fallible also? Again, how about Christ's pre-existence; for some texts seemed to him to speak of that. And, referring to a statement in one of my own tracts, he asked, "Why did I seem to disbelieve in the miraculous conception?" Then the whole subject of prayer to Christ was perplexing him. And so he went on, question after question, each set forth with a running commentary upon the pros and cons as far as he could see them, all extending to some twenty closely written pages. The whole indicated a singularly thoughtful and fair mind. I was specially struck with this in his remarks on one of the works I had sent him, an examination of Canon Liddon's great work on the Divinity of Christ. Liddon's work, he told me in his first letter, he had been asked to read, as something to resettle his views. So I had sent him an examination and refutation of this work also by a church clergyman, but of the broadest kind,—so broad that he had to publish his book anonymously. It is interesting to see how this strikes this Indian lawyer. He wrote me that he felt "his reasonings" to be "quite convincing," but he cannot make out "how such a work can come from such a quarter." The writer, he says, "styles himself a clergyman of the Church of England. He is then accepting office, station, and stipend in it,—a church of the most rigid Trinitarian order." Surely, "he exposes himself to very serious suspicions. One is led to entertain doubts as to his *bona fides*. For it does not seem honest to take the titles and money of a church while bidding it defiance." However, "these considerations do not affect his performance, which is highly valuable in a critical point of view." On the whole, I concluded to let that letter lie. Partly because it would have taken not a letter, but a treatise, to answer all his points and questions at all adequately, but chiefly from a conviction that, on the whole, he was quite able to be trusted to work things out for himself, and quite as likely to arrive at the truth if I was not looking over his shoulder, as it were, to point it out to him. But I will own that, as time went on, I thought of his position, right in the midst of his old Episcopalian friends,—and I knew they would spare no effort to influence him,—I did feel no little wonder as to what his next letter would be. It came in another three months, during which, he said, he had been anxious for my reply to his questions. But the result showed that I had, perhaps, done about the best thing, for he wrote:—

During this interval my mind has undergone a complete change,—a change for the better. For a time I have been passing through that state of mental anarchy which follows every great revolution of intellectual life. Now, however, Trinitarianism has been vanquished, and Unitarianism reigns supreme in my bosom. My doubts and mis-

givings have been dispelled by frequent reading of the books, etc., sent by you, and by my having recourse to continual praying and thanksgiving.

Then he went on to tell me that he had been acting like leaven in his own family. A younger brother, one of his uncles, and also an intimate friend of his, a native doctor, has joined him in his new faith. He was saving up money, too, to publish a tract in *Urdu* (the dialect of Hindustani spoken in the northern, and mainly Mussulman, parts of India), a tract, he says, "like[Dr.] Peabody's 'Jesus Christ,' in which I will contest only on Scriptural grounds."

And then he goes on thus:—

I feel very lonely, as I am (as far as I know) almost the only Unitarian in this country. I have once written to Mr. Tompkins of Calcutta, whose letter appeared in a back number of the *Unitarian Review*. I asked of him something of the Unitarian Mission there, but he simply informed me that that mission has been permantly closed. I learned this news with great grief. It is a pity that such a vast field lacks a Unitarian worker. I was very glad to learn through the *Christian Register* that an eminent missionary was sent to Japan, but it is painful to know that India is not so much cared for. I wish I could become a herald of Unitarianism. But, where there is a will, there is a way. The Lord will work out his own purpose. Is there no such society in Unitarian countries similar to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" of the Church of England? Perhaps, dear sir, you won't be able to realize the loneliness of an individual Unitarian like myself, having no religious sympathizers at hand, no place of worship of his own amid his own co-religionists. On Sundays I join the Trinitarian Church, taking part in the service as far as is not inconsistent with my conscience. I go there by the impulse of habit, otherwise I do not find there much that is edifying.

After this he goes on to give a list of various books that he wished to have,—Norton's "Reasons"; "Christ, the Revealer," by John Hamilton Thom; some brief commentary on St. John's Gospel; and I was specially struck by the indication of thoughtful study in his asking for "some work, which treats of the views held by the ante-Nicene Fathers on the doctrine of Christ's person." In a subsequent letter he repeats this request, for he says, "It is touched on, but only very briefly, at the end of a work by Dr. Farley, but it needs fuller treatment"; and he adds that he thinks Dr. Samuel Clark had a work on this. About these books, and many others that he asked for, he is very modest, offering, if he may have these new works, to return some of the more expensive ones previously sent, which he has read.

I wish I had time to read to you fuller extracts from that letter. He has a long passage about the Brahmo Somaj, quite appreciating it, but which he thinks would never have been needed if liberal Christianity had been doing its true work in India. He had been having, too, a correspondence with the Oxford missionaries about the books they have been sending him.

Then he speaks in a way which is very interesting about the Indian National Congress, then recently held. "The Congressists," he says, "are very shining and bright in their speeches, and India looks very miserable in their Congress report"; but it is almost the reverse in reality, in his opinion, though he goes on to criticise the English rule quite freely as often very overbearing. "But comparatively"—these are his exact words—"we are, on the whole, better governed than we were under any former rule."

Our correspondence went on about in this way for over two years before any further step was taken. During this time he begged again and again for some missionary to be sent out; but I told him it was not possible for me to urge it at present. Then at last he told me how he would gladly devote some of his own time to distinctly missionary work, but that he was only a young lawyer, just making his way, and barely earning the support of his wife and children.

It seemed reasonable, and I had come to feel great trust both in his ability and general religious earnestness; but our American Unitarian Association was heavily taxed for the Japan Mission, and I could not ask them to take this up, so I consulted with my own congregation at Arlington Street, and they agreed to find him twelve dollars a month, with a little added for travelling or printing expenses, he to devote a third of his time to missionary work in whatever way he felt best.

I received his first letter about his actual work nearly two years ago. It was during a break in the rainy season at the end of July, 1890, "that," he wrote, "I issued forth for a fortnight on a missionary trip, with my portmanteau full of books and tracts, and my heart full of hope and joy," the only shadow being that his father could not wish him God-speed, thinking that he was going on a "nefarious business." He went first to Allahabad, where "the very fact of my being a heretic attracted many students and other advocates of orthodoxy to my lodging, and I found that every bit of my time was taken up by controversial discourse, and I had to repeat my propositions so often to every new comer that I was almost tired of vain repetitions. I myself visited a few clergymen, and had a good and often obstinate talk." Then he had a good distribution and sale of his tracts and books. "All this culminated in a very decent, brotherly, and edifying controversy with the principal of the (Episcopal) Divinity School," who "sought an interview with me, asked me to relate my past experiences and the process which led to the change of my religious views," and, he adds, "I was surprised to find him so tolerant and loving." With him Akbar had conferences lasting for two hours at a time, for four days. "He approved of much of my views, and I found he did not believe in the letter of the Athanasian Creed." The impression produced upon my mind was that he was "a semi-Arian." And so they parted in the friendliest way, the clergyman asking him to kneel down with him, and praying very earnestly for light and truth, and that "God would save both of them from prejudice and prepossession."

He went to Allahabad again a few months later. Again he had much discourse with people who came to see him, and also "ample occasion to address public meetings"; and this time he found a good deal of work among the Mohammedans.

After a fortnight at Allahabad he went to Delhi. "There," he says, "I addressed several meetings of the Mohammedans, and held discussions with some of their well-known Moulvis (Mohammedan divines are so called — my father was a Moulvi)." These sought him out at his lodging, and inquired very curiously into his tenets; and there is nothing in all his letters more interesting than his accounts of his conversations and arguments with them. He has an immense advantage with Mohammedans over any Trinitarian missionaries; for to their surprise he holds *the absolute unity of God* as strongly as themselves, and at the same time falls back upon their own Koran for his argument for Christ. It must be remembered that the Koran speaks in the most revering terms of Christ, though this has been largely forgotten in the antagonism between Islam and Christianity. One text in the Koran says, "Christ Jesus, the Son of Man, is the Prophet of Allah, his Word, and his Spirit." Both at Delhi, and afterward at Agra, where he went next, Akbar Masih pressed his argument, having committed to memory about a hundred verses of the Koran which make mention of Christ and his gospel and his apostles with respect. And here is one little, final item which shows his readiness and aptness in reply: "A Moulvi expressed his difficulty in reconciling the Unitarian view of Christ with Christ's own words, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; but he was silenced when I quoted to him a little Persian expression from one of his own [Mohammedan] poet saints: 'If you wish to see the face of God, look into my face. I am his mirror. He is not separate from me.'"

But I must stop. In a future paper I must describe the Unitarian work which he has just published in *Urdu*, the first native exposition of Unitarianism ever published in India, and some of the results which it is already producing. This story is not ended yet.

BROOKE HERFORD.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM INDIA, AND ITS STORY.

Mr. Herford's "Story of a Letter from India," which we print above, is as interesing as a romance, even aside from the glimpse it gives us of the great opening there is in India for the Unitarian faith. Verily, the age of apostles and prophets is not over!

To those who have been regular readers of the *Unitarian* this story of Akbar Masih will recall another quite as remarkable story,—that of Hajom Kissor Singh of Assam, India, fragments of which we have

given in these pages from time to time during the past four years.

We believe it was the very same month in which Mr. Herford received his first letter from Akbar Masih of North-western India that Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., received a letter of very similar import, from an educated young man in the extreme north-east of India, nearly a thousand miles from the other. This young man was a clerk in a government office, who had a good knowledge of English, who had been brought up under the influence of orthodox Christianity (there was a Calvinistic Methodist mission in the vicinity), but who, having gotten a taste of Unitarianism through a volume of Dr. Channing and tracts sent out by Rev. C. H. A. Dall of Calcutta, was much impressed with the Unitarian faith, and was eager to learn more. He turned to America for help, because Mr. Dall was dead; and a wandering copy of the *Unitarian* which had fallen into his hands suggested to him the thought of writing to its editor as one who might give him light. Like Mr. Masih, he wanted sympathy and the touch of a friendly hand; but especially he wanted tracts and books to answer the religious questions of such profound concern to him with which his mind was filled, and to help him to understand more fully the new faith which, so far as he had gone, seemed to him so reasonable, so satisfying, and so inspiring.

We cannot here enter into the details of the correspondence that sprung up with Mr. Singh, nor the quite extraordinary results that have already come from it. Suffice it to say that, as a consequence of his study of the literature sent him, his faith in Unitarianism became confirmed and his understanding of it enlarged. He became a missionary of his new faith to others. Several relatives became converted. They joined him in his propaganda. Presently the little band had grown numerous enough to organize a church. Then there was preaching in neighboring villages, and missionary tours, and tract distribution. Then, as only a few of the people could read English, and as the need was pressing for literature in the vernacular, a hymn-book in the Khasi language was prepared and printed in America, friends in this country bearing the expense. Last of all, the National Alliance of Unitarian Women has undertaken to help support a lay preacher among the Khasis, and this lay preacher (a man converted through the influence of Mr. Singh and trained by him) entered upon his work the 1st of May last.

The little church in Nongtalang has built a house of worship, and one or more schools have been established. So the little seed of truth borne on the wind by the Spirit of God, and dropped in the soil of far-off North-eastern India, among the Khasi Hills of Assam, has taken root, and grows.

As may be easily imagined, it was a day of great rejoicing to Mr. Singh when he learned of Mr. Masih and the story of his conversion, in a distant province of the same great India. Then he and his little band felt that they were no longer alone.

The name of the lay preacher employed by the Nongtalang church is U. Riang Pohlong. He will be paid 240 rupees, or $96, a year, which is enough, with what they can raise among themselves, to afford him a bare maintenance.

In a letter just received from the church they wish us to convey to the Unitarians of America their thanks for sympathy and aid extended to them in their need. Among other things they write:—

The Khasi hymn-books have arrived, and we are very grateful for them. Please express our gratitude to all who contributed to the fund for printing them. We sing from the books not only in our meetings, but in our homes; and they are a great comfort and help to us. We are keeping up Sunday meetings regularly, and we have every Sunday two or three classes for study. We, the leaders of the Nongtalang Unitarian church, are striving to make it permanent by educating the young in its truth. We are peasants and poor in pecuniary means, but we are gladly doing what we can to disseminate the gospel which we love so well. Many of the people come to hear us cheerfully. Even among the Trinitarian Christians some are beginning to doubt about the doctrines of the trinity and atonement, and to admire our more simple and reasonable Unitarian gospel. We beg to thank you, Unitarians in America, for giving us funds to employ a preacher to propagate our faith. Though we are but a few here yet, it encourages and strengthens us to feel that we belong to the large Unitarian household in the world; and we hope for the prosperity and growth of the Unitarian cause here. May God hasten the glorious time when he

shall abolish all false and evil doctrine through Jesus Christ, our Great Teacher! We beg that you will never fail to pray for us, as we also pray for you. In behalf of the Nongtalang Unitarian church, we are your humble brethren,

RIANG POHLONG,
HEH POHLONG,
KIRI TONGPER,
Committee.

OUR NEW LITURGY.

WHAT SOME OF US WANT.

III.

What shall our new liturgy be?

It must be one that shall give us in church not a mere lecture or concert where we are spectators, but a service of worship which we ourselves conduct; one that shall teach all our children to sing, and that shall banish the paid choir from every church; one that shall voice not merely the feelings of Chicago and of the close of the nineteenth century, but the great needs, hopes, longings, and confidences of all the ages of the whole Christian world; one that shall not merely confirm our habit of coming to church as to a brain-bout, and sitting bolt upright, with minds keenly active, criticising everything about us, and especially what that lecturing minister may do or say, but one that shall demand a radical change in that habit and in our fundamental idea, bidding all to bow themselves down and to repeat together words of confession and contrition as well as of renewed hope and faith.

One, then, that shall bring together in that book, for such use as any of our ministers or peoples may choose to make, all the noblest prayers and anthems God has called out from the soul of man since the Christian Incarnation began. The service books of European and Russian churches are rich in such treasures. We should translate them into modern language, exscind, condense, and claim them as our own. The English ritual has been largely pruned, reshaped, and its music marvellously enriched since the day of Edward VI. His English is indeed to-day but stiff, clumsy, and uncouth, but that ritual was a great improvement on its predecessors. Think of the bride's publicly promising "to be bonour and buxome in bed and at borde." That was Salisbury Cathedral's earlier English; and in 1549 the Canticle sang, Praise him and *set him up* forever!

Its marriage service is still clumsy and poor. The service for the dead is vastly better. Its service at the church and at the grave, while capable of improvement, is vastly better than anything of ours. It excludes the ranter and the proser. It speaks for the bowed heart of the sympathetic minister in cases where without it silence must be its only speech. It is dignified, tender, reverent, short. It meets the greatest difficulties of the ministrant, and it serves the need of the noblest. No wonder that Lowell chose it for himself, or that Emerson said he would have had it read above his mother's coffin, "had it been any wise practicable." He knew his mother to have been brought up on that book. "The Book of Common Prayer was on her bureau."

But, apart from special services, we need to remake our habits of public worship and to reclothe our devotion. We need, for the public voice of our pews, not long, meaningless, or ridiculous phrases from Hebrew war-songs or lamentations. We need short ejaculations of devout feeling. We need a real voice from the heart of our people, honestly declaring a common want or shame or faith. Our people need to learn how to say "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!"

The day of our protest is past. The right to use all the great words of the Church is won. Protestantism should no longer swagger about, boasting of its freedom. It should put on the livery of service.

After our Civil War how this land was overrun with tramps! It seemed as though hundreds of thousands of mavericks roamed here and there. Not mērely the hosts of camp followers, but honest soldiers as well, found it hard to give up tramping, and to dig so as to take root.

So it is with us now theologically and ecclesiastically. The war is over. Perfect freedom of thought and speech is won. Strife is local now,—rows in Presbyterian camps, squabbles in High Church garrisons. With all that, we Unitarians have nothing to do. But what are we going to do with our liberty? Merely to boast of it? A loose man is not a free man. True liberty has at its heart a love that must at once put on the yoke of service.

Too many of us show only the shyness and flightiness of frontiersmen. "Wife," said a settler in Minnesota, fifty years ago, "they're crowdin' us badly. I think I see the smoke of a cabin over there, twenty miles east of us, to-day!"

When Churchmen or Evangelicals come to our ground, must we therefore fly from it?

"The whole ritual of the Church," says the Bishop of Central New York, "all her services, all her sacraments, look to *Character*. Character *is* salvation."

"I am in full fellowship," says the new Bishop of Massachusetts, "with every man who is striving to make Christ his leader. His creed may be better than mine: my creed may be better than his. That is a matter of small moment to me. We must beware of any narrower foundation."

When noble men move toward us and hold out the hand like that, it is our duty to meet them on neutral ground. We must not recoil from them. We may not distrust them.

Narrowness, lack of faith, distrust of men, poverty of experience, ignorance of ecclesiastical history or of what is going on in the religious world to-day,—indeed, a lack of faith in the rule of a living God, a dearth of spiritual responsiveness to the Spirit's solicitings, characterize alike to-day the man who deems looseness identical with liberty and the rationalism-fettered Princetonian who thinks Christ must come as a "dogma" or he cannot come at all.

The age demands a more sympathetic attention to all honored modes of worship and a more generous interpretation of all the great words of the Church.

Grace, whereby we are saved through faith, is but the Godward side of faith,—the sleepless soliciting of the Divine and the responding of paternal love to filial longing and trust.

Salvation, given by grace and found through faith, is the soul's soundness, or security against the rustings of sloth, the stains of sin, and the wounds of doubt.

Faith that finds it is that ardent and eager confiding, that "certitude without corroborative verification," that Trust, instinctive in childhood, often hurt by speculation, but always re-enforced by affection, which underlies alike all science and all life. Seeking salvation by grace through faith, we strive in the Church to have our lives hid with Christ in God.

Put into your church, therefore, all the reasoning and all the learning you will, but keep the perspective such that the whole be a spiritual gymnastic so ordered that worship may there both soothe the wounds of war and wing the lagging energies of work. Thus we claim kindred with every earnest, lowly faith, yet with the highest and proudest as well; and we demand a ritual that shall avow and show our membership in that Church which is now the living, ever-growing body of Christ,—a liturgy that shall not leave our liberalism crippled and fettered by not daring to speak the great words or to sing the grandest music of the Church, but one that shall confidently assume that the day is gone by when men must be Shakers, through distrust of passion's mighty power, or Quakers, lest their vocabulary become something more than univocal or monosyllabic.

To unite men on their definitions is to build on a creed.

Build thus, and you count Christianity a thing man has made. Build on the Spirit, men uniting not in dogma, but in faith or trust, and you count Christianity a thing God is making. Build thus, and you must recognize the divine hand in all human dreams of heaven, and see all our mythology, Christian or Pagan, to be the product of a permitted play of his children's fancy, which the Father does not condemn.

The free play of that imagination, to call it by no nobler name than play, has enriched the ritual of the Church of Christ; nor can we believe that the new life dawning over our land will be content without filling its churches with picture and with song, calling every power of man to joyful though serious service and praise. We are not to flee the church because man's fertile imagination has frescoed it with a brilliant mythology.

There is a natural process by which God transforms dogmas over which the fathers fought into picturesque ruins about which the children play. We are living amid such transformations. At first, warring dogmas, conflicting passions and fears, foul the lands with blood and fill the air with stifling, sky-obscuring battle smoke. A few centuries pass, and, lo! the reek has lifted,

drifted away and risen from earth, until the clouds but lie along the horizon,—airy, grand, —creations of beauty flushed with heaven's radiance, floating in stately grandeur, fit chariots for the gods.

Have we Americans, we liberal Christians, any constructive genius? Have we imagination and an open spirit, fertile in constructive conception, such as may now be fruitful and responsive to the incoming impulse of God?

The heart of mankind is indeed a harp of a thousand strings. Where is the master hand whose genius can now freshly move men to worship, and so sweep the strings as to rouse anew man's whole reason, from the lowest murmur of instinct up to the God-like response to God of the soul of Christ Jesus himself?

HENRY C. BADGER.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

The universe is not empty because our eyes cannot see its wonders. We have learned enough to know this. Open the eyes of a blind man, and what a realm of color, form, and motion would be disclosed to him! Aid your sight by a microscope or telescope, and what an infinity of wonder would be revealed to you! So give to man a finer power of perception than that he now has, let but that be developed, and this world would be even more to him than the world of light to the opened eyes of him that was blind. There are visions greater than these eyes have seen, for us yet to see; there are sounds, forms, color, of a glory now incredible, yet to be made known. We exist in a realm of force and life, infinite in extent and diversity. Let a soul be separated from its present body, it will be but to commence a new career of existence, to form for itself perhaps a new body, of far finer material than it could use on this level of life, to develop a higher consciousness, and to gain higher thoughts and purer feelings in interaction with other modes of being, to become more true to a sublime ideal, to take a farther step in its advance from the lower past to the glorious future. To me, human life is but a pilgrimage of a soul toward an infinitely far-away goal, through an infinite number of stages of existence by an infinite series of achievements, whose progress in the future will be measured by the strength secured in each present and past, and whose blessedness hereafter will be attained through each preparation for each hereafter it may make.

We are not then prisoners of sense, but, as we devoutly claim, children of God. To us matter is the shadow, and spirit the substance. We are souls; and, under this divine consciousness, the apostle Paul's paradox has become our sublimest truth. The things we see are temporal and seeming: the things unseen are those which are real and eternal.

CLAY MACCAULEY.

Tokio, Japan.

HERE AND THERE IN MY BIBLE NOTE-BOOK.

III.

It has been said by an eminent Presbyterian that the fundamental doctrines of evolution ally themselves in a marked degree with the tenets of Calvinism. Theistic evolution, it is said, must affirm the doctrine of divine sovereignty, with all its corollaries. A passage often quoted by the Calvinistic theologians is found in Jeremiah 10: 23, and reads as follows: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Here is the doctrine of determinism, of election, plainly stated. Man is not free. Salvation is the gift of God *ab extra*, conferred according to the decree of an arbitrary will. Such is the exegesis of this and similar passages,—an exegesis that has fought its way to a general acceptance in a great branch of the Christian Church.

Ignoring for the nonce similar passages that are used in support of this doctrine, a study of this one, in the light of its context and in the light of ideas that were coming to the front in Jeremiah's day, will lead us to quite different results. At least, I venture to offer the explanation below as the correct one.

Jeremiah predicts the captivity of his people. He tells them to gather up their baggage and prepare for a journey to a strange land. Their sins have brought the judgment of God upon them. The prophet sees that the calamity is inevitable. Sin has produced its legitimate fruit. His

thoughts turn involuntarily to himself. As a member of the sinful nation, he must take the consequences with them: manhood, patriotism, domestic ties, all demand this. He has no thought of trying to escape. He, a righteous man, one who does not deserve these calamities, will take the consequences with his sinful fellows. But for the moment he is overcome. He knows not what death awaits him. In his momentary despair, he cries out: "O Lord, we are children of destiny. We stand or fall with the nations of which we are a part. We cannot save ourselves except as we save the societies of which we are members."* That this is the correct interpretation seems to be confirmed by the following verse, where the prophet's thoughts are certainly centred in himself: "O Lord, correct me."

The second Isaiah, who wrote shortly after Jeremiah, represents the whole nation as suffering vicariously for its sinful members (Isa. lv.). I believe that this and similar passages in Jeremiah are the first gleams of this most true and most noble thought. "The way of man is not in himself," because "we are members one of another." We cannot lift ourselves by our own waist-bands. We cannot attain true eminence by climbing upon our fellows, crushing our equals beneath us. Not thus can he that walketh direct his steps. We rise by raising others. We direct our own steps in proportion as we direct the walks of others. Or, as Jeremiah would say, it is not we, but God, who directs the course of nations and of individuals, while we are but servants of his, free just to the extent that we obey.

A. B. Curtis.

Tufts College.

HOW I WOULD HAVE THE WORLD'S FAIR OPEN ON SUNDAY.

I believe in Sunday with all my heart. I believe it to be the most precious day of the week,—so precious that I am jealous of everything that can hurt the day,—so precious that I want opportunity to be given to make the most of it in all worthy ways.

I believe in religion with all my heart; and it is in the interest, not of irreligion, but of religion, that I would have the Fair open for at least a part of Sunday. I believe in religion so much that I would not have it hurt itself by alliance with narrowness or bigotry or injustice. I believe in religion so much that I would have it interpret itself largely and nobly, and in harmony with everything that can broaden and elevate human life.

I believe in the churches of the land. I do not believe in all their mediæval theologies. I wish they would strike the fetters of those dark theologies from their brains and their hands, and thus become free to think God's truth of to-day, and do God's work of to-day. I do not believe in their ecclesiastical tyranny. Religion needs freedom, not bondage. Yet, with all these limitations and imperfections, I believe in the churches. I would not hinder them,—I would help them in their work, in every way in my power; for, however mistaken may be their methods sometimes, their aim is human good, and they are indispensable sources of moral power in all our communities.

What I would like to see done about the Fair, then, is this: *First*, I would like to see it closed during Sunday forenoon; but opened at one o'clock for the afternoon and evening. That would be a great concession on the part of those who want it open all day, and have a right to have it open all day. But I think they could well afford to make that concession, for the sake of good will, and to avoid any possible suspicion of being hostile to churches and religion.

This would leave the churches and religious forces of Chicago a wholly unimpeded field, and a chance to do their best, on Sunday forenoon, in connection with their own places of worship, with no rivalry or distraction coming from the Fair.

Second, I would like to see what has been called a silent fair. That is, I would not, if I were granted my way, have the machinery moving; nor would I have any sales of goods or trading going on within the grounds. Those exhibits which would need special attendants or much labor should be closed. Generally, I would have everything planned with a view to quiet and the relief of as many workers as possible. But,

Third, I would have all the grounds of the Exposition open, with their walks, their botanical gardens, their flower displays,

* Compare in this connection the wonderful passage in Ezekiel xxxii.: 17-32, where nations go to Sheol *whole*, and are *located* there in accordance with their deserts.

their views of buildings; all art galleries and exhibits of natural history, and archæology, and products of different countries, and educational, scientific, and industrial exhibits,—indeed, practically everything, *except* that the machinery should not move, and trade should stop, and as many as possible of the force of helpers in the Fair should be relieved.

Fourth, I would have the fullest possible provisions made for musical concerts within the grounds, so that at all hours of the afternoon and evening, within the great musical pavilions, the finest music of the world—orchestral music, band music, organ music, and other—could be heard by all who cared for it. And also I would have auditoriums provided, and the various religious denominations of the country invited to bring their ablest preachers there; and organizations for temperance, philanthropies, reforms, and education, should also be invited to bring their ablest representatives, so that sermons, addresses, and lectures, on themes of highest interest and importance to man, could be heard from the first thinkers, preachers, and orators of the world, at nearly all hours.

Fifth, I would allow no intoxicating liquors sold within the fair enclosure.

Finally, I would have the admission fee on Sunday reduced to one-half that of the other days of the week, so as to give the laboring people a chance on this the one day of their leisure.

This is the kind of Sunday opening of the World's Fair that I, for one, would like to see. And it seems to be about what would give satisfaction generally to those who want the Fair open.

And now, tell me, is not all this practicable? Would not such an arrangement be just? Would it not be a great boon to the people, especially the poor? Would it not be conducive to morals and to religion?

Who are the persons that want the World's Fair *closed* on Sunday? This question is worth paying a little attention to.

First in influence and numbers among those who want a closed Fair stand the church people. Yet not *all* church people fall into the list. The Catholics are divided, a decided majority of them seeming to favor an open Sunday Fair. The orthodox Protestant sects generally demand a closed Fair. Yet among them are many exceptions. Their broader minded men are quite apt to be exceptions. Indeed, from these have come some of the strongest pleas for an open Fair that have been made at all.

The liberal Christian denominations are almost a unit for an open Fair. Various Universalist and Unitarian organizations in the East, central West, and on the Pacific Coast, have passed strong resolutions to this effect. The various independent liberal churches of the country, like those of Dr. Thomas and Prof. Swing, in Chicago, are generally in favor of opening on Sunday in the way I have described.

Going outside of the churches, the voice of the people is almost unanimous in asking that the Fair be not closed on the one day when the working multitudes have leisure to attend. The labor organizations of every kind have sent earnest petitions for an open Fair.

So that, if the Exposition is closed on Sunday, it will be the orthodox Protestant denominations—or, more exactly speaking, it will be the more narrow-minded, rigid, and unprogressive majorities in those denominations—that bring it about. One *ally* they have, however, that I must not forget to mention. That ally is the liquor interest, and its associated immoral element, in Chicago. The Chicago *Tribune* has called attention to the fact that the orthodox clergymen of the country, in their effort to get the Fair closed on Sunday, have the Chicago liquor-sellers solidly with them. Says the *Tribune:* "The saloon-keepers know that, if visitors and citizens did not have a chance to go to the Fair, the consumption of liquor [in the city] would be increased enormously, and that those who otherwise would look at pictures and delicate fabrics, and the fine work of the jewellers, would haunt the bar-rooms. The preachers who want others kept away from the Fair because they do not wish to go are to be congratulated on their new allies. It is to be hoped that, when they see the saloon-keepers rallying to their side so enthusiastically, they will begin to ask themselves whether the policy which secures them such friends must not be a mistaken one."

So, then, I must modify my statement, and say that, if the World's Fair is closed on Sunday, it will be the work of the more

unprogressive ministers and members of the orthodox churches of the country, *and* their allies, the keepers of Chicago saloons, gambling dens, bad houses, and low theatres, all of which places will fatten if they can only get the Fair closed so that they can have the hundreds of thousands of visitors in the city left unemployed on Sunday for them to prey upon.

Does it not seem as if it ought to make our orthodox friends hesitate in their ardor to get the Fair closed, to find that they have such allies as these?

What are the reasons for closing the Fair on Sunday, given by those who desire to have it closed?

One is this: that, if the Fair is open, it will attract many persons who would otherwise go to the churches.

In reply, I would say that, however much this consideration might weigh against opening the Fair all day, it does not weigh at all against the plan which I suggest, of opening it at noon; for this gives the churches the first chance, having left the forenoon free for them. Moreover, there is another thing to be thought of that is quite as important. Do those who urge on this ground that the Fair ought to be closed realize that Chicago does not contain churches enough to hold half the people who will be there next summer? What are you going to do with the other half? and what, outside of church hours, are you going to do with both halves? These multitudes cannot go to church all day. When church is over, then what? Are you going to turn them into the streets, idle, aimless, a prey to the temptations of the great city? Why not open the Fair, the most moral place that can be found, and the one place that can compete successfully with the saloons and with the numberless other places of temptation?

Another reason given for closing the Fair on Sunday is that opening it will cause so many persons to work. But the plan which I propose reduces the amount of work to be done to the very minimum. It is doubtful if any other plan can be devised to carry the multitudes of people who will be in Chicago through the Sunday with so little work. These people must be cared for on Sunday in some way. They cannot stay shut up in their hotels and boarding-houses all day. And, even if they could, they would require more waiting on than if they went to the Fair. But they cannot be shut up, and will not be. If the Fair is closed, they will be out patronizing the livery stables, riding on excursion boats on the lake, going on railroad excursions into the country, going to see base-ball games, going to down-town circuses, patronizing all kinds of entertainments that will be gotten up to amuse them and to relieve them of their money,—these besides saloons and worse places. And thus the amount of Sunday work that will be done by others to interest and amuse them and take them through the Sunday will far exceed that which would have been necessary to open the Fair to them, with all its additional interest and safety and good. Thus we can see that those people who say, Shut the Fair on Sunday and coop up the multitudes in the city, so as to save the doing of work, are simply straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Another reason urged for closing the Fair is so that Chicago may have a quiet Sunday. This is a strange reason indeed. Is it the way to give Chicago a quiet Sunday to have two or three hundred thousand strangers idle on her streets, and her saloons and theatres and every possible kind of entertainment running at full head? No: if men want to turn Chicago on Sunday into such a pandemonium of crowded streets, loafing, drunkenness, brawls, and vice as it has never known, then let them insist on the Fair being closed. But, if they have any interest in a quiet and orderly as well as a moral Sunday, let them open the Fair.

J. T. Sunderland.

A PERSONAL INTEREST SOCIETY.

What we need, particularly in all our great cities, is a *Personal Interest Society*, every member of which shall hold himself responsible for the well-being of one poor family. We need a society every member of which shall hold himself obligated to keep his eye on one particular home, to see that its floor is swept, its windows cleaned, its furniture tidy; to see that its provider is at work, and, if out of employment, to interest himself in securing it for him, and, if earning more than needed for the support of the family, to encourage him into placing the surplus, no matter how small, in some

safe bank; to see that the mother faithfully discharge her household duties, practise economy and forethought, make good and frequent use of soap and scrubbing-brush and needle, and, if she has leisure, to employ her hand in something profitable that may lighten her husband's burden; to see that the children are kept off the streets, and are sent to school in decent attire and cleanly state, that, if both the parents are obliged to work away from home, the little ones are not left to themselves without proper supervision, that they are placed, when young, in some day nursery, and properly apprenticed when reaching the age of self-support.

What society can be easier organized! It is not dependent on numbers. Even one man or one woman can constitute such a society,—one poor family at least would be under philanthropic guardianship. A society of five or ten members would mean a blessing to five or ten families.

Easy is the charity of the pocket. The charity of the heart is often heart-rending. It is easy to give money for distribution among the poor. Harder it is to be one's own distributor. Hardest of all to be distributor with only love and sympathy and personal interest as distributing coin. It calls for courage, for character, for self-denial, to venture down into the slums for the purpose of drawing human lives out of the seething caldron of misery, out of the pest-house of human corruption and decay, from under the shadow of moral and physical death. On such missions one must be prepared to encounter the touch of filth, the stench of offensive odors and the sound of offensive language, the breath of disease, the sight of hideous vermin, of horrible scenes of suffering. The rags that one beholds on such pilgrimages are very apt to mar one's enjoyment of his silks and broadclothes, and the moans and groans that one hears during such an afternoon visit are sure to rise above the evening's concert or opera. The piteous appeals for bread and work and warmth that one hears on such a tour are sure to take the taste out of the delicacies of the evening meal and the sweets of the evening enjoyment. One will find it difficult in the evening to laugh over the comedian's sallies of wit on the stage, with such cries as these ringing in the ears:

"Give me bread, sir, or I'll go mad."

"Protect me from this brute, madame, or he'll kill me."

"Stitching, stitching, from five in the morning till deep into the night, yet fingers stiff from cold and faces pinched from hunger."

"I have had no work these two or three months, sir. The landlord tells me he'll throw me out of the house to-morrow. The grocer refuses to loan any longer. There is not a crust nor a cent in the house. There is but one of two roads open to me, either crime—in order to find behind prison-walls food and shelter and work—or suicide."

"I was driven to wrong, madame, driven to it. My drunken father beat me. My mother refused to keep me unless I brought her home some earnings. I could find no work, I was cold and hungry, and afraid to go home, and so,—yes, I was driven to wrong, madame, driven to it."

"This is the third child this year, sir, that goes to the Potter's Field, all of whom might have been saved, had they had a healthy home and proper nourishment, and medical attendance. My poor husband has gone before them, and I shall soon follow after."

It calls for heroic courage to enter the miserable districts of the poor, to face and fight and conquer such human misery, to descend into the dark and dismal cellars, or mount to dingy garrets, on rickety stairs, in the hall-ways reeking with filth and stifling with poisonous odors and gases, that remove every doubt of the truth of the words an undertaker landlord of a wretched tenement block is said to have addressed to a philanthropic lady: "It's not the rents I look to, it's the deaths I get out of the houses."

A single one is number enough to organize and to constitute a Personal Interest Society. He or she can be president, secretary, board, and the whole membership, all in one. There is no need for mass meetings, eloquent appeals, soliciting committees. Have but the will to help, if only but one family, out of a mass of suffering humanity, and you have all the organization and outfit you need. Have but a clear comprehension of the truth that every individual of a community stands in the same relationship to the well-being of society as every member stands to the body, and you will need no other impetus to start you on your mission

of personal service to the poor. Prick the smallest toe with the smallest needle, and you prick the brain at the same time. Give the frozen foot warmth, and you give comfort to the head. The health of the whole depends upon the health of the part. The disease of the part infects the whole. The rottenness in the alleys is sure to send its poison into the avenues. The want and misery in a hovel, if unalleviated, are sure to have their revenge on the palace. Starving and vicious mobs have lowered the proudest lords to the dust, have laid ancient palaces into ruin, have made the colossal Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square to tremble, have erased the Bastile from the face of the earth, have torn down the Vendome column, have struck off the heads of king and queen, have paraded the streets with the heads of hundreds of dreaded men near the throne upon their pikes. Have but a clear conception of the truth that between discontent, demand for bread and work, corrupt tastes, improvident habits, and Mob Rule, Rein of Terror, Regicide, is a long road, and that wise and timely interest, personal guardianship, can not only ward off such catastrophes from the upper classes, but also the moral ruin from the lower classes, and you will not need a second appeal for the formation of or for your affiliation with such a society.

Not all of the people in the slums are hopeless and desperate cases, nor are all the upper classes heartless. The English ladies of wealth, who have joined the ranks of the "Slum Sisters" of the Salvation Army, and have taken up their abode and work in the most dangerous parts of the East London slum districts; the number of rich, college-bred young women of New York who have taken up their abode and work in the "submerged tenth" of their city; the number of wealthy men's daughters all over the world, who have renounced the benefits of wealth and the fascinations of pleasure to toil as "Sisters of Mercy" among the poor and suffering and fallen, have demonstrated that the wealthy have hearts, that the poor can be helped from sinking into the sloth of vice and crime, and that many of those that are being swallowed up in the abyss of sin and shame can be rescued, and redeemed to purity and usefulness.

It is kindly interest by the upper classes in their hard lot the poor want, and it is that which does them a world of good. It is the sense of being utterly forsaken by God and man that weighs heaviest on them, and that presses them down to disgrace and to despair. A word of sympathy sinks into their parched hearts like the fructifying shower into the arid earth. A word of comfort, of encouragement, of forgiveness, a compassionate look, a gentle touch of the hand, effects wonderful changes in them. "No one ever spoke to me that way," sobbed a frail woman to a lady who sought to rescue her from her miserable life. "No one ever spoke to me that way since I can remember. If some one had, I would not have been now where and what I am." "Are you God's wife?" asked a little half-starved and half-frozen girl, caught by a missionary lady in the act of stealing her handkerchief, and taken by her to the mission school, where she was warmed and clothed and fed and kindly censured for trying to steal. "Are you God's wife? If you are, I'll try to be God's child." And, after occasional freaks and irregularities at first, she grew to be an exemplary young woman, and became a teacher in that school. "I've kept the room and the children clean these three days, and I haven't tasted a drop of liquor, expecting you every minute, and knowing that you would be angry if you saw dirt and smelled liquor," were the words with which a slowly reforming mother addressed a lady who interested herself in her and her family. "I don't want a receipt, sir," said a father who had turned over his weekly saving to a gentleman whose personal interest in him had changed him from a drunken sot to a providing father. "I don't want a receipt, sir. Only keep it tight till you'll have enough to get me out of this drunkards' row." "It's poor writing and spelling," said a hard laborer one evening to a kindly person who had interested himself in him, and had induced him to attend a night-school. "It's poor writing, but my mother could have read it; and if I could write to her now, and tell her whom I brought into the grave that I'd reform, I'd do it, even if they wanted my life for postage."

Such, and a hundred other similar instances, are the results of personal interest in the poor by the more fortunate classes.

There is unfortunately too little of it, due to a want of a proper medium to bring the two into closer relationship. The one clamors for the touch of a brother's hand, for the sound of the music of a sister's voice. The other, however, is not nigh to hear and answer the call. If hear and answer you would, be one of a *Personal Interest Society.* Pick out one of society's deserted orphan families. Be its guardian. Assume the responsibility of its well-being and well-doing. Be its counsellor and redeemer, its encourager and sympathizer. Let its tear be your tear, its joy your joy, its success your success, and you will find that

"No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears;
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,—
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's cheek for others' joys and woes."

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF.

Philadelphia, Pa.

LESSENING THE BURDEN.

During these hot months it is especially profitable to consider everything that will give us relief from burden-bearing.

There are many agencies at hand, as many various treatments as there are doctors of differing philosophies. Yet few of the doctors seem to have got at a better result in themselves than did that sturdy preacher Paul, who wrote back to the church at Corinth, "Five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, in perils of robbers, in perils of the sea, in perils in the wilderness, in hunger and thirst, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness," yet, though "troubled on every side, I was not distressed."

Now, the power that led to this grand courage in Paul was no philosophy at all, but a simple, very earnest, yet childlike religious faith. And so, while it is perfectly true that we can make our lives a good deal easier and brighter by seeking the many pleasures that lie upon our path, by cheerfully accepting the fatality of circumstances, by devotedly and unremittingly giving ourselves up to some set work, we can never discover the sublime satisfaction, the restfulness, the comfort which Paul must have found unless we can share the sincerity of his religious faith. It is possible for us to be placidly resigned without any appeal to religion, with no thought of God or trust in him, with no expectation of the immortal life, with no sense of our own childlikeness in the universe or loving up-looking to the Father's face, it is possible still to be resigned, to bear the weight of our place in life, whatever it may be, without much complaint, and because we must. How many bear with life in that way? But there is no joy in it. The burden of life is not really lessened at all: it is only stoically endured. Very different is the relief religion gives.

Religious faith does not try to distract our attention, and so make us forget our cares, to absorb us in something else, so that we shall not think of them; but it goes in at once behind the scenes, as it were, and discloses to us the *purpose* of burden-bearing. Instead of administering an anæsthetic and dulling our appreciation, it comes to us as a tonic, and quickens our interest in the very pains we suffer, so that we study to understand more of the motives of our lives, and *why* we are, and to what end. Religion satisfies these inquiries by telling us of the *inner* life, the growth and moulding of the spirit, showing that this painful burden is felt by us only because there is born within us a new divine life, struggling against the old,—the eternal Spirit pained, because cramped within the narrow framework of its clay-built lodging-house. If we had no higher hope, there would be no feeling of despair. The very sense of burden is the key that unlocks the doorway of the diviner life. Through our darkness we see light. Then the struggle becomes heroic. We no longer want to *lose* the burden : nay, we cling to it till it gives us entrance to the realms above. Religion thus gives us a clew to the *necessity* of suffering, and deprives the burden of its bitterest sting. Then religion points to the results. It is not by your present restraint, the narrow lot of your immediate opportunity, that you must fix your judgment. In the eyes of God a *thousand* years are as one day. This life is but the budding time. The opening flower, the full blossom, the ripening fruit,

—all these are only to be looked for in the spirit's immortality, toward which the upward impulse of *this* life is lifting us.

But you may say: "It is true religion teaches us these fine *thoughts* about our purpose and our destiny, and we accept them all; but belief in them is not powerful enough to practically lessen the actual daily load we have to bear. We cannot be always reasoning with ourselves. Indeed, we are often most unreasonable." Well, religion meets us here, too. The instinct of religion is brotherhood and childhood, a divine family relationship. Religion, therefore, gives us not only thoughts and belief, but ties, affections, communion: we are knit together not only by reason, but by emotion. The religious man, driven under the relentless wheel of monotonous, burdensome, ceaseless, vexatious cares and duties, carries with him his instinct of brotherhood, his instinct of sonship. He is not alone: this brother below him needs his help; this brother above him is pulling *him* up. He *feels* their presence, their relationship, the invisible communion, and the pain about his shoulders is lessened, his burden shared. The religious woman, though called to bear the heaviest trials of life, "*shut in*," an invalid, suffering, lonely, through the instinct of religion, lifts her weary heart in silent prayer, looking to the invisible but trusted Father, and the trembling tears sink back before a thankful smile.

So, in every experience of life, religion, by its sense of communion, its ties of fellowship, without argument or logic, lessens our burden by making it not ours alone, but a part of the universal burden.

What other means can render us such efficient service? What but religion can so help us in this the most practical affair of life, the lessening our daily burden?

We may sweeten our days with pleasures, drive off care by laughter, fascinate our senses with art, soothe our discontent by travel, absorb our intelligence in work; but, after every possible relief has been afforded by *all other* means, then must we seek the simple trust of the religious soul before the burden will be really and permanently lessened, before we shall be able to say with Paul, "Troubled on every side, but *not* distressed."

F. B. Mott.

PAUL'S VISION.

Editors of the Unitarian:—

In your issue for last month appears an article by Mr. Solon Lauer, headed "The Epilepsy of Saint Paul."

In that the writer affects to be facetious and serious by turns, and the latter turn reveals the fact that there is such a thing as a "scientific mind," for the writer of that article says: "I do say that to the scientific mind, bent on trusting nothing but facts, good, clean, believable, wholesome reason," *this* psychic evidence is the only sort that has any real weight.

Now, Mr. Lauer will readily admit that all these "psychic evidences" are personal feelings, experienced only by the individual's self in particular,—in other words, subjective experiences. To the individual's self these experiences may be very intense and very real at the time: whereas they may have no real existence outside the particular person passing through this experience. For example, Paul saw this vision, as he believed. John saw a vision, as he believed. Luther saw a vision, as he believed. Swedenborg and multitudes of others have also believed that they saw visions. No doubt at all that these men intended truthfully to report what their mental reporting machine communicated to them. But did that machine *report the exact facts as they were outside of the reporter?*

The long course of human *sane experience* declares that *they did not report objective facts.*

Let me exemplify by an experience which I can vouch for. Years ago a young man was engaged as a clerk in a commercial house in San Francisco. He had studied a little in theology. Being of a fervent nature, an appeal from the pastor whose church he attended drew him into private study for self-preparation for ministerial work. That young man worked hard in business from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. He arose at 4 A.M., and did not usually retire till 11 or 12 (midnight). The hours out of business he closely applied to Greek and other preparations for the work he had chosen. Sundays he attended church and prayer-meeting services, and taught two classes in different Sunday-schools. One of these was some three or four miles away, on the edge of the city; yet the inelasticity of his religious views would not permit him to avail self of the street-cars which ran to "Lone Mountain," where his mission school lay. A number of times was this young man so mentally and physically prostrated by this overwork that he had to go to rest, absenting self from the Sunday evening prayer-meeting.

Time wore along. The day came when a certain theological institution was to be opened, and this young man had promised

to become a (the first) student. It was a season of anxious thought for this young man. He was in a good situation. His employer was urging him not to leave a profitable employment, the salary for which said employer had promised to increase, if the young man would only give up his project of theological study and preparation. Finally there came a day when a decision must be made. It seemed like "God or the world," as we so often and so unhappily and so untruthfully have said in and out of the churches. With his body vibrant with mental excitement, the outcome of long-continued religio-mental strain and physical overwork, this young man retired to his little chamber off the store. He knelt down and earnestly and fervently prayed for light from God upon this (to him) overwhelmingly momentous question of dedicating himself and his life to God and humanity in the ministry. It was during the "nooning" hour. He had prayed for a time, when all at once there appeared a great light in the room. It seemed to be flooded with some great radiance; and "a *vision*," as if Jesus the Christ, seemed to come to the side of that praying young man, and take him by the hand and assure him. That young man arose from his knees, went out into the store, and immediately told his employer that he must leave service by a certain date. Had he not had a "vision" of "the Saviour"? Had not God taken him by the hand visibly and corporeally? So believed this fervent soul. That young man was the writer of this present paper. He now traces, step by step, and now fully realizes that the whole thing was *subjective* only, and *had no real existence out of his own mind!*

The writer of this is related by marriage to an excellent man, a fine violinist. A few years ago he "got religion." Then he became so mentally unsound that he had to be declared under guardianship. This was on religion. The prophets of old ate bread made of lentils. The Bible said so, and he must follow out what those ancient prophets did. So he cast aside the beautiful bread made by his wife, bought lentils and made bread of it for himself, and lived upon it!

He caught cold in his ear, and an abscess formed. What means this? thought he. "A message from God that I must not again play the violin." So he gave up the pleasant seasons of domestic musical entertainment with his children and wife, who are all musicians, because God had so ordered it by express, providential indications.

I could supplement these subjective experiences and objective vagaries of a diseased or temporarily unsettled mind, were such needed; but we have all heard, and many of us have known, of such things. They are common, if only we will look for and rightly appreciate them, when seen.

I do not wish to put any forced construction on Mr. Lauer's words, but these experiences above related are in the same line with Paul's; and they are advanced by Mr. Lauer as "*psychic evidence*," and "*the only sort that has any real weight.*"

If this be "*the only sort that has any real weight*," then false and baseless, indeed, must be all our hopes. We are thus only the unhappy victims of self-delusion. If credulity or blind "*faith*" be *the only* "substance of things hoped for," *the only* "evidence of things unseen," how unreal and shadowy must be that "substance," how utterly "incompetent and irrelevant" must be that testimony! Can mere belief think a dollar into a bankrupt's pocket or purse? He may think this for a whole lifetime, and yet the dollar will not be there.

Such "psychic evidence" (s) leave us all "at sea" on the great ocean of Eternity, a part of which, in time, we are now struggling to cross to the haven beyond. The *Ordinances* of the Great Oneness above, beneath, around, within us, are the poles which direct us to him and reveal our real relation to him and his. Subjective visions and mental figments and fancies obscure the truth. "Let there be light," and let it be that of *sanctified reason.*

F. G. Morgan, M.D.

Clements, Cal., July.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Editor of the Unitarian:—

In your June number is an appreciative article by Rev. E. L. Rexford on the Religious Congress to be held at the Exposition in Chicago in 1893, which seems fitly to open the way for a word on the Psychical Science Congress, to be held under the same auspices of the great Fair.

The chairman of its committee is John C. Bundy of Chicago; vice-chairman, Prof. Elliott Coues of the Smithsonian; and Rev. H. W. Thomas is one of its members. An advisory council of men and women, who may suggest plans and methods, includes some forty men and women in this country and in Europe, eminent and accomplished persons among them,—clergymen, scientists, scholars, and writers,—English, German, French, and Russian, as well as American. The letters of acceptance are cordial and sincere. This from two eminent women is of interest:—

EVANSTON, ILL., U.S.A., 1892.

J. C. Bundy:—

Lady Henry and I will gladly go on your advisory council. We like you, and admire your championship of occult science. We, too, have souls (!), and would gladly know, as well as gently believe, in their perpetual individual consciousness. . . . Believe us ever yours sincerely, in the love of God and the hope of immortality.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.
ISABEL SOMERSET.

Prof. William James of Harvard University, Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American branch of the London Psychical Research Society, Hon. A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, C. C. Massey, an English scientist, are members. Detroit is represented on the council by Hon. T. W. Palmer, Octavia Bates (an Ann Arbor University graduate), C. A. Newcomb, and G. B. Stebbins.

Of the foreign letters accepting membership in the council, one from Camille Flammarion must suffice. Equally earnest replies from Prof. Sidgwick of Cambridge, Janet, and Richet in Paris, and others might be given. From a number of these, addresses or papers may be expected.

Flammarion writes: "I thank you for the invitation, . . . and hasten to assure you that I am, with all my heart, with those who seek to penetrate a little farther into the mysteries of the unknown."

"I shall be very happy to be of any use in your congress, for the Chicago Exposition will prove to be a forum worthy of the highest apostleship. Perhaps I can give you a treatise on 'Unknown Natural Forces and the Psychical Problem.'"

The congress, as their circular states, will look into the history of psychical research, individual and in societies, details of phenomena, telepathy, hypnotism, or mesmerism, premonitions, apparitions of the living or dead, therapeutics of hypnotism, clairvoyance and clairaudience, automatic speech or writing, raps, and other spiritistic manifestations, the connection of all these with each other, the relations of psychics and physics, the bearing of psychical science on human personality, and the question of a future life.

A broad field of inquiry, for the discussion of which, as their circular says, "the time is propitious." These "things of the spirit," the wonders and infinite relations of the inner life, are of special importance to the religious student and thinker, as well as to the scientist. None can safely neglect them to-day. This Psychical Congress, thus far well and wisely managed, promises large audiences of the best quality, and addresses and discussions of high merit on these topics. Its coming at the Exposition is, like that of the Congress of Religions, significant and cheering. The hour is ripe, and both are needed. Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

A NOON-DAY REST.

Editor of the Unitarian:—

A recent number of the *Unitarian* mentions a suggestion of Rev. Edward Everett Hale for the establishment in Boston of a Noon-day Rest, "where ladies employed can, during their noon hour, be refreshed by a homelike noon rest, with the opportunity, also, of enjoying there a lunch brought from home, or of procuring for a small sum a substantial lunch, which now costs them too large a per cent. of their earnings."

It may interest your readers to learn that such an opportunity has been for many years furnished to women in Philadelphia by the New Century Guild of Workingwomen. This guild was established by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner in 1882. Its purpose is to enlarge the sphere of women's education and work by means of instruction of classes in elementary literature and science and in handicraft which may fit them for self-support, to elevate their standard of social intercourse and enjoyment, and widen their intellectual and moral view of life. Besides its class-rooms, the Guild House has rooms for gatherings for business or pleasure, where members may eat their luncheons and take their evening meal, and enjoy an hour of rest after the work of the day is over before going to the lecture or concert or social entertainment.

Tea and coffee are provided at trifling cost, and membership is attainable by payment of a small sum.

Hundreds of girls and young women can testify to the value of this institution, not only for the convenience and comfort which they derive from it, but for the protection

which it affords from perilous influences which abound in large cities.

It now numbers six hundred members, and hundreds more avail themselves of many of its advantages. MARY GREW.

Philadelphia.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF WHITTIER.

SUNDAY.

The Shadow and the Light.

A Voice grows with the growing years:
  Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears,
  "The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine! whose constant beam
  Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
  Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
  All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
  On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bonds, nor clime, nor creed thou knowest;
  Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
  Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Shine, light of God! Make broad thy scope
  To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
  With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor!

MONDAY.

The Unreached Ideal.

What matter though we seek with pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?

To seek is better than to gain;
The fond hope dies as we attain.
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

Our sweet illusions only die,
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best!

TUESDAY.

The Light that is Felt.

A tender child of summers three,
  Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she;
  "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
  From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
  And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
  Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
  And let us feel the light of thee!

WEDNESDAY.

Laying up Treasure.

The soul itself its awful witness is.
Say not in evil doing, "No one sees,"
And so offend the conscious One within,
Whose ear can hear the silences of sin
Ere they find voice, whose eyes unsleeping see
The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say, "I am alone";
For, seated in thine heart, as on a throne,
The ancient Judge and Witness liveth still
To note thy act and thought; and as thy ill
Or good goes from thee, far beyond thy reach,
The solemn Doomsman's seal is set on each.

. . . . . .

Lay up each year
Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth that kings
Nor thieves can take away. When all the things
Thou callest thine,—goods, pleasures, honors,—fall,
Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them all.

. . . . . .

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Ever more restrain
Evil and cherish good; so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—From the Sanscrit.

THURSDAY.

Utterance.

But what avail inadequate words to reach
The innermost of truth? who shall assay,
Blinded and weak, to point and lead the way,
Or solve its mystery in familiar speech?
Yet if it be that something not thine own,
Some shadow of the thought to which our schemes,
Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best but dreams,
Is even to thine unworthiness made known,
Thou mayst not hide what yet thou shouldst not dare
To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine
The real seem false, and beauty undivine.
So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,
Give what seems given thee. It may prove a seed
Of goodness dropped in fallow-ground of need.

FRIDAY.

Requirement.

We live by faith, but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of his children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is good.

SATURDAY.

My Trust.

A picture memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I wait, in his good time to see
That as my mother dealt with me
So with his children dealeth he.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
That pain itself was wisely planned
I feel, and partly understand.

The joy that comes in sorrow's guise,
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,
I would not have them otherwise.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Why do tired brain-workers need the quiet of the country? Let Frances Ridley Havergal tell:—

"The murmur of a waterfall a mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream on dripping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd of gentle cows,
The echo from the wooded hill of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass at evening fall,—
Too subtle are these harmonies for pen and rule,—
Such music is not understood in any school;
But, when the brain is overwrought, it hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power to make it well."

The extraordinary proposition made by Dr. Rainsford of New York for the Church to take hold of the work of improving saloons or of conducting saloons which should sell only beer and light wines, and under the least objectionable conditions, is taken up and discussed from different sides in the July *Lend a Hand*, by Rev. John Tunis, S. E. Dudley, Dr. E. E. Hale, Rev. C. R. Eliot, and C. S. Eaton. The discussion is frank and candid. All the participants recognize in Dr. Rainsford a sincere man, who earnestly desires to do good; but four out of the five believe that his proposition is short-sighted in the extreme, and could by no possibility result in anything but harm. It is the Church's business to attempt to eradicate evil, not to compromise with it. There is no safety in the drinking of beer and wines. Heavy drinking always begins with light drinking. The thing that is to be *avoided* is the creation of an *appetite* for drink, and the easiest and surest way to create that appetite is to make the drinking easy and respectable. To create the drink

appetite by the use of beer and wine is simply to kindle a fire that no man can put out, —a fire more destructive and terrible in its effects than any fire lighted by the incendiary's torch. Shall the Christian Church go into that kind of business? An interesting feature of the discussion is the fact brought out by Mr. C. S. Eaton: that one of the most popular and best attended "drinking saloons," if we choose to call it so, in Boston, is "Thompson's Spa," where no kind of intoxicant is sold. This well answers Dr. Rainsford's argument that alcoholic drinks are an essential feature in places of popular social resort for men.

However conservative or backward-looking the Methodist denomination may be in theological matters, in temperance it is one of the most progressive in the country. The resolutions on the subject of temperance adopted by the Methodist General Conference, which met a few weeks ago at Omaha, seem like a healthy breeze from the mountains, so charged are they with moral ozone. The resolutions express sympathy with all organizations whose object is to overthrow the liquor traffic; they denounce license as a sin; they declare that no Methodist church can consistently, by voice, vote, or influence, perpetuate and protect that traffic; they denounce the complicity of the United States government with it, in taking its wicked revenue, in refusing a national commission of inquiry to investigate and report upon the influence of the liquor traffic on the material and moral welfare of the country; they record it as the deliberate judgment of the General Conference that no political party ought to receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record as openly and unequivocally hostile to the saloon.

The Presbyterian body is little behind the Methodist. The General Assembly, which met at Portland, Ore., passed resolutions strongly condemning the saloon and deprecating every form of legalization of it, by licensing it or otherwise.

These are among the most hopeful signs of the times in the temperance cause. If the churches of the land would once present a solid front in opposition to the saloon, and demand that this plague spot of our civilization shall be wiped out, it would be but a short time before the saloon would have to go, root and branch.

Something theologically unique comes to us from Colorado. It is the first Bulletin of the newly established Colorado Divinity School, located at Boulder. It announces a faculty of nine men,—two Baptists, two Episcopalians, one Congregationalist, one Unitarian (Rev. Samuel A. Eliot), one Universalist (Rev. W. C. Selleck), one Presbyterian, and one Christian. Mr. Eliot has the Department of Comparative Religion, and Mr. Selleck that of History of Christian Doctrines. The Bulletin says: "The Divinity School will be a department of the State University, but will derive no financial aid from the State funds. It will be an independent institution, maintained by the co-operative energy of the Christian churches of the State." This is as admirable as it is extraordinary. Such an illustration of practical Christian union can hardly fail to attract wide attention. Certainly, it ought to have the sympathy of all liberal-minded people of whatsoever name.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer, who has been in Cleveland, Ohio, for the past fourteen years, has accepted the Secretaryship of the Western Unitarian Conference. During his stay in Cleveland he gathered about him a strong and united society, and secured the erection of a good church edifice. In the position which now he accepts there are great opportunities for service to the Unitarian cause; and he will be certain to carry into his work not only ability, but devotion. We bespeak for him the hearty co-operation of all our Western churches.

The Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School deserve the thanks of everybody for the action taken at their last meeting in adopting resolutions looking toward the opening of the school to women. The resolutions which were offered by Rev. S. J. Barrows of the *Christian Register*, seconded by Rev. C. R. Eliot, and supported by Rev. Messrs. F. B. Hornbrooke, H. F. Bond, Joseph May, Samuel Longfellow, and others, were

as follows: "*Resolved*, That the Alumni of the Harvard Divinity School respectfully urge the overseers to recommend and the corporation to permit the admission of women to the lectures, recitations, and library of the Divinity School, as regular or special students, under such regulations as may be prescribed.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to see that this petition is properly urged and supported, and also that this committee have power to fill vacancies."

The vote in favor of the resolutions was a strong one, and the advocacy of the proposed forward movement of the Divinity School was able and earnest. Said Mr. Longfellow: "This is not a question whether women shall preach or not: that is already decided,— women are preaching. Even those who are opposed to the idea of their doing it might at least allow that it is better that they should preach well than ill. In other words, the women who are preaching or intending to preach ought to have the best preparation and equipment possible. I confess that, as an alumnus of this school, I am grieved and ashamed that its doors should be closed to earnest and intelligent women desiring to fit themselves for this high service. I am grieved and ashamed that they should be turned away and bidden to go to Meadville, which, with all its merits and all the devotion of its teachers, is certainly not so well equipped; that they should even be sent across the ocean to that school recently opened in Oxford, where already two American women have entered the open doors. Meadville and Manchester New College rise up in judgment against Harvard Divinity School."

The first Unitarian weekly published in England was the London *Inquirer*. It was started in 1842, and has just completed fifty years of history. To mark the event, its issue of July 9 is a jubilee number, with special articles suited to the occasion. Hon. P. W. Clayder writes of "The Founder and Editors of the *Inquirer*." Rev. T. L. Marshall, who was its editor for thirty-two years, from 1856 to 1888, furnishes reminiscences of those years. There are other historical articles of interest. It was a bold act for its founders, fifty years ago, to establish a religious paper for the advocacy of Unitarianism, with the motto "Truth, Freedom, Charity." The expense of the periodical was so great, and the returns so small, that it changed hands several times within the first few months, and was only saved from wreck by appeals made for help through his columns, by the editor. When the paper was a year old, its sale had reached 900 copies a week. From the beginning it has been very able, as well as thoroughly progressive and broad in its spirit. It is now owned by a company of shareholders, the directors of which are Messrs. Richard Bartram, David Martineau, T. Chatfield Clarke, and S. S. Taylor. Rev. W. G. Tarrant is its present editor. It is impossible to estimate the value of its half-century of work done for rational and undogmatic Christianity.

Writes Rev. W. Mitchell: "The *Inquirer* has upheld the flag of free thought in religion through all these years. It has consistently contended for true liberty alike for those on the right hand and those on the left. So may it prosper, growing in power and increasing its circulation from year to year, the enlightener of myriads of minds."

Writes Mr. Tarrant: "The hands that write to-day will be still when the next half-century comes round, but the truths and principles for which we live will be needed in the twentieth century as much as they have been needed in the nineteenth. Let us hand on the torch, not flickering, but glowing with a light that brightens with the passing of the years."

No religious meeting has been held in New York in a generation that has so astonished and waked up that city as the great gathering of Christian Endeavorers which met there three weeks ago. In the first place, everybody seemed amazed at the mighty host that came,—twenty-five or thirty thousand,—filling the hotels and boarding-houses and homes to an extent unheard of. Quite as surprising was the enthusiasm manifested in every meeting from first to last. The great convention gave to New York and the whole country a new realization of the power of youth, and of the wisdom of a movement which undertakes, in practical ways, to organize youthful hope and courage on a large scale in the service of religion.

It is well calculated to teach a lesson to Unitarians. With a faith better calculated than any other to appeal to the young, and to enlist their assent and support, we should have the most active and devoted body of young people to be found in any church. Have we? If not, why? Have we not been strangely derelict in organizing our young people for religious ends? Have we realized at all adequately the value of youthful hope and courage and enthusiasm in religion? Is there anything that our churches more need than young zeal and life? Our Unity Clubs do something to organize our young people; but these are largely literary. Our greatest want is *religious* training for the young, religious work to do, religious responsibilities to bear. The guild movement among us has this in view, and hence deserves the especial attention of our ministers and churches. It is of the highest possible importance that through the guilds or in some other way we shall create a warmer, more active, and more general religious life among our young people everywhere.

Departments.

GUILDS.

Though along with the churches the guilds postpone work through the summer months, as a rule, it is pleasant to record one case where work kept on through June. The new guild in Chelmsford, Mass., is the eager one referred to. It was formed in the spring, and now has reached a membership of thirty-five; and an increase is looked for when the fall work opens.

A goodly delegation of young people from the guild in Westford made a visit to the Chelmsford guild on the evening of June 26; and it is said that their presence, with that of Rev. Mr. Horner and Rev. Mr. Moulton, was an inspiration. Remarks of an interesting and encouraging sort were made by the visiting ministers.

On Thursday, August 4, there will be three union meetings at Weirs, N. H., representing guilds, the Sunday School Society, and the Women's Alliance, in combination at each session, morning (10.30), afternoon (2.30), and evening (7.30). The speakers for guilds will be Rev. W. W. Hayward of Medfield, Mass., Rev. D. M. Wilson of Quincy, Mass., and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass. It is hoped that our movement may be helped by bringing it before the members of as many parishes as will be represented at Weirs.

B. R. Bulkeley.

A paper read by Mr. Hartley Thomas, a member of the Green Harbor Guild, on Sunday evening, Feb. 28, 1892.

Last Sunday evening mention was made of the double nature of man. How many times in our sober moments, in those moments when the world about us is lost sight of, it seems as though we were breathing a different atmosphere, that we had risen above the mortal on to a higher plane; for all care had gone, peace and contentment were ours, and thoughts came,—those that had not belonged to us before! We were lost, lost in the realm of thought; and, as I stated, worldly affairs had vanished from our sight, and the thought came of the Chinaman lost in the dream of happiness caused by opium. But the losing here mentioned is not brought on by debasing methods, but by the higher,—the *losing of self* and the influx of spiritual life.

The baptism which John told of when he said, "I baptize you with water unto repentance. But he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost," or *whole spirit.*

Do not all of us want to be baptized with the *whole spirit*, to come into a perfect understanding of all things? We are in the primary class at present: we want to get into the higher classes. Do not all of us hear a stranger knocking in the inner recesses of our soul at a door we hardly knew we possessed? We have been told that the kingdom of God was within. What have we been doing? Looking for it by outward observation, as the Jews did. They had been looking for a Saviour to come, one that would set them free; but they did not look for one so meek and lowly as the noble Nazarene. But why did he say his kingdom was not of this world?

How many different opinions there are! Some think there is no future, that this life is all. But, friends, I do not think so. I feel there is another, and so do you; and, if there is another, why we want to know of it, and prepare for it. If Jesus was a type of the higher life, we surely want to know how much more perfect his ways were than man's at the present time; for all disease and affliction vanished before him, and, even when the tax collector came, he directed where the line should be thrown, and in the fish caught the money would be found to pay the taxes. What an easy way to pay taxes! For there is an old saying, "We are sure of nothing but death and taxes." But I suppose many doubt if such a thing ever happened; but what progress has been made in the few years gone by! When the tele-

phone first came out, a friend of mine was in the mountains of North Carolina, and he told the old mountain men of it, and that a person's voice could be distinguished miles away. They said nothing before him; but, when his back was turned, they asked each other if he thought them fools! So, when we look back eighteen hundred odd years ago, and the works of those days are mentioned, they seem to be inconsistent with the present, and people say, "It's impossible!"

Let us listen to the strangers' knocking. Clear the way, and let them enter; for we are entertaining angels in disguise. These are the thoughts that come to us in our quiet moments; and they will lead us into all truth, into a better understanding of ourselves, of others, and of the supreme ways of the universe, and we shall develop the higher nature which is our birthright.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

There are many deficiencies in Sunday-school singing: we need not dwell on them. The chief need is to cast about for remedy. One way, perhaps not sufficiently developed, is the creation of a little orchestra, or the clustering of a few voices around the piano. What is chiefly wanted is leadership, either in some person or by some musical aid. It is frequently found that schools small in numbers and without any very great singing capacity have reached capital results along this line by confident and wise guidance. For instance, a young lady who knows how to handle the forces can give courage to the pupils, so that they will approach and conquer what is termed difficult music, while many a school larger and better equipped will fall off from such a standard badly, owing to the lack of right leadership. Not only would an orchestra or a chorus assist in strengthening the singing ability, but more interest would be created in various ways. Where this has been tried, the one great obstacle has been the lack of regularity on the part of the performers. This, of course, is serious. The young people who pledge themselves to do this work perhaps grow tired of it or have other engagements. But this is only saying what must be declared of many other matters in life; and it is advisable, where any possibilities of this kind exist, that a persistent effort should be maintained, and where some fall out substitutes be procured. As a nation we are far behind the Old World peoples in this popular gift of singing. In our public schools there are some notably happy exceptions, but the Sunday-schools as a whole—especially of the Unitarian ranks – are deplorably deficient.

A great deal is now said about the necessity of knowing the Bible and what it contains as a matter of good education. This is true. Setting aside every other consideration, the boy or girl who does not know the books and utterances of the Scriptures is destined to mortification through life, and has a serious defect in his education. For instance, if he is reading the works of Longfellow or Whittier or Matthew Arnold, or most of our thoughtful and vigorous writers, he is constantly at a disadvantage in not knowing what the references mean which these authors have bearing on the Bible. The truth is that the Bible is woven into our literature and gives color, illustration, and point, by way of quotation, to essay and poem. Let us have a better treatment of this subject in our schools,—something not necessarily dry and repelling, but, while systematic, full of interest along the way of study.

This leads us to say that, despite the defence that is being made for the International System, there is hardly a conference in the Trinitarian body where Sunday-school matters are broached but that a heavy attack is made upon this system. Within a week or two prominent speakers at the New England gathering of Congregational Trinitarian Sunday-schools most severely condemned the system as thus far conducing to slipshod, superficial, even flippant acquaintance with the Bible. Whatever may be the merits of such a finely constructed piece of machinery as the International System (and these merits are great), yet, in the working of it with the average teacher and pupil, lamentable results have followed. It is safe to say that our Unitarian boys and girls know at least to a better purpose what they do acquire by way of information concerning the Scriptures than our Trinitarian young people. Our method is open to great indictment, but where our text-books seek to traverse they aim to do it thoroughly. What we really need for our own work is something that will embody a little more of the general and universal element with our special individual text-book plans. We are coming to something of this sort, and the children now in the primary departments are destined to acquire a satisfactory knowledge of the Scriptures, their origin and their proportionate values.

A notable movement has been well started through the channels of the Congregational Sunday-school work for a Home Department. This means a set of lessons and helps for those in the homes. We watch with a great deal of interest this effort to correct sad negligence which has come upon fathers and mothers. They more and more deliver over to Sunday-schools the

duty of moral and religious instruction. To such an extent has this gone that parental co-operation with the Sunday-school amounts to almost nothing. One way of retrieving ourselves is by furnishing such material in interesting and handy form as will equip parents with the necessary knowledge to assist children in preparing lessons. If interest is aroused in that direction and by that method, it must react and tend to ally the elders with the younger people. We welcome any plan facing this way. Exhortations by the ministers, scoldings, arguments, pleas, seem to avail little. Perhaps the Home Department will accomplish something.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society at Boston will have ready for orders by the middle of August the new lesson papers on "Noble Lives and Deeds." These are to be issued in a weekly four-page leaflet, but they will not be supplied to Sunday-schools for use in classes except in monthly packages. The complications and cost arising from mailing such material every week are too great. The subjects and authors for September are as follows:—

No. 1. Topic, Self-control. Example, George Washington. By Edward A. Horton.

No. 2. Topic, Concentration. Example, Mary Carpenter. By Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

No. 3. Topic, Honesty. Example, Abraham Lincoln. By Miss Kate L. Brown.

No. 4. Topic, Observation. Example, Audubon. By Miss Katherine Hagar.

It is intended to treat each month traits that are somewhat similar, and at the beginning these more practical and primary habits are taken for illustration. There will be forty numbers in all. The prices for these lesson papers will be two cents a copy, one dollar a hundred. For the series of 40, price 50 cents. This does not include postage.

At the same time will be ready the first monthly part for September of Rev. Charles A. Allen's "Lessons in Religion," intended for the older classes. These lesson papers will be issued once a month, the four parts being bound together, at a cost of five cents a copy, or fifty cents a dozen, not including postage. Part first is on "God," and the first four numbers for September are divided:—

I. The Father;
II. In Heaven;
III. In Nature;
IV. In Man.

Mr. Allen has devoted a great deal of scholarly care to these lessons, and has had the aid of ministers and professors in their revision. They promise to be very helpful for the older pupils of our Sunday-schools who desire to know what the truth is in the chief doctrines of Christendom.

Every Other Sunday begins its eighth volume with the 11th of September, and every effort will be put forth to make the columns of this paper for the young people interesting. The subscription price is only forty cents a year, and it is hoped that there will be a generous response to its renewed appeal for subscribers. E. A. Horton.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The following petition has been received by the Unitarian Temperance Society:—

"The undersigned persons interested in the temperance cause, some of us being ministers, maintaining juvenile temperance societies in our parishes, and all believing that total abstinence is the only effective basis in the temperance work, respectfully petition your body, the Unitarian Temperance Society, to place itself upon a total abstinence principle entirely.

"Respectfully yours,
"Wm. W. Hayward.
"E. R. Butler.
"Wm. H. Sayward.
"Mary T. Whitney.
"Henry H. Faxon.
"Charles H. Johnson.
"D. M. Wilson.
"Eva M. Brown.
"Alfred Noon.
"John D. Long."

The question raised by this petition has been already referred to in these columns, and some explanation of the present policy of the society has been given. The society, as now constituted, requires no pledge of its members, and is not committed to any method of work. The directors will give full and careful consideration to the above petition; but they have no authority to make so radical a change in the society's policy. The change, if made, must come about by an amendment to the constitution, which can be accomplished only at one of the regular meetings of the whole society which are held in connection with the National Conference of Unitarian Churches.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association, held in London on May 31, 1892, a regular membership of 415 was reported. There are also 81 associate members. Thirty-eight new members have joined during the last year, and ten associates. The members are physicians, and they pledge themselves to "total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages." It is understood that associate members are not required to sign this pledge, but become members by subscribing one guinea a year.

The society publishes the *Medical Temperance Journal* (quarterly).

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., is the president of the association.

The American Medical Temperance Association was founded in Washington, on May 7, 1891, when sixty-one members were enrolled. The objects of the association are to advance the practice of total abstinence in the medical profession, and through it among the general public, and to promote investigation as to the action of alcohol in health and disease. No pledge is required from members, but it is expected that members who may cease to be total abstainers will withdraw from the association. The right to prescribe alcohol as a medicine is retained by members. A meeting of the association has recently been held at Detroit, under the presidency of Dr. N. S. Davis. Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn., is the secretary of the association.—*British Medical Journal.*

In *Lend a Hand* for May, 1892, appeared an article by Rev. A. J. Rich, Unitarian, giving an account of an "Association for the Promotion of Temperance and Good Citizenship," which has been at work successfully for nearly a year in Milford, N.H. Its success makes it worthy of mention here. Other towns may well follow the example.

The organization was started because ministers and citizens saw the evil of gambling-saloons and drinking-saloons to be on the increase. "Something ought to be done to make drinking and gambling more disreputable." A "Citizens' Appeal" was circulated and signed by one hundred and fifty influential citizens. This was printed in the newspapers. This was the beginning. An association was regularly organized. "Officers were chosen, and the monthly meetings started. It was purely a citizens' meeting, non-sectarian, non-political, and thoroughly uniting all the people; and it has become practically the 'People's Church,' and is regarded as one of the noblest organizations of the town. Indeed, it is the churches, with all their pastors, united in carrying on this gospel of humanity and brotherly love."

The meetings, once a month, are held on Sunday evenings in some one of the churches; and the other churches close early for the purpose. The meetings are religious, with devotional exercises and an able address upon some topic connected with good citizenship. "Good, sensible, sober, convincing, uplifting words have been spoken; and the effect is seen in lessening signs of drink and gambling and disorder in the streets." Mr. Rich adds these significant words: "This grand work is a sample of what might be successfully inaugurated in every town and city in the State and in New England, and perhaps in the country. Such a general movement is opportune from the fact that religion and the churches are beginning to see that their sphere of work must be with and for the people and the community, and in the direction of social science, and to bring in, if not the kingdom of God, the same thing in essence,—the commonwealth of man. I verily believe that, in connection with the six churches of the village, the Citizens' Association is an equally strong factor in doing good."

In connection with the above, attention should be called to a recent article of W. T. Stead's in the *Review of Reviews*, relating to a similar work at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne; also an article in the June *Arena*, by B. O. Flower, upon "The Ishmaelites of Civilization," in which he outlines an ideal work for the churches. Along these lines will be the progress of the future. A similar attempt is being made in Dorchester, Mass. Why may not the churches of Boston, or any other city, unite thus for the uplifting of the people for moral reform and good citizenship? C. R. Eliot.

LITERARY NOTES.

None of our denominational organizations are doing a better work than the Sunday School Society. Since Rev. E A. Horton took the presidency of it, six months ago, new life has been infused into it in many ways. It is publishing some new Sunday-school manuals of exceptional excellence, and promises to have ready soon a new tune and service book. Its imperative need now is for a better support. It is a pity to have it cramped in its operations for want of means. All our churches are asked to remember it regularly once a year in their contributions.

Dr. Hale has gone across the ocean to spend two months, partly in England and partly in Normandy. In view of his coming, the London *Christian Life* of July 2 says: "Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., chairman of the Council of the Unitarian National Conference (American), and, indeed, now the leader of American Unitarianism, is expected to arrive in Liverpool about July 4th. Dr. Hale ought to be better known in England. In America, alike as a public speaker, writer of short stories, and the originator of the thousand-fold 'Lend a Hand' Clubs, he is one of the best known and most popular men in the country."

Rev. A. D. Mayo returned from his twelfth Southern journey on his ministry of education July 4, and will remain in Boston during the summer and early autumn, as usual, his address being 16 Chester Park, or the rooms of the American Unitarian Associa-

tion, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Mr. Mayo will deliver his usual course of Sunday evening lectures in August and September in Union Hall of the Young Men's Christian Union, and will accept invitations to lecture or preach during his residence in the city. He will be greatly obliged for any contributions to the fund supporting his work, which could be sent direct to his address in the city.

The Boston *Commonwealth* announces a series of letters from Dr. Hale, to appear in its columns weekly, describing his summer's doings and seeings.

The Cheerful Letter is the title of the first number of a little monthly which sets out upon the beautiful mission of carrying sunshine and hope to invalids and persons who are confined at home by age or otherwise. The publisher is Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. Subscriptions (50 cents per year) may be sent to Miss Flora L. Close, 25 Beacon Street.

Christian Unity, a Layman's Journal, is the name of a quarterly publication just established as the organ of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, an organization which we give information about on another page. The first number, dating July, is full of excellent matter. Its motto is, "Love your neighbor, and respect his beliefs." We heartily commend both this journal and the association which it represents.

Rev. W. C. Gannett's excellent paper, "The Three Stages of a Bible's Life," is printed as a tract in the Unity Mission Series (175 Dearborn Street, Chicago), price five cents, and also in London, by the Sunday School Association, price fourpence.

It is gratifying to learn that *Every Other Sunday*, the charming children's paper, published by our national Sunday School Society, has gained seven hundred new subscribers during the past three months. We do not see how a Sunday-school paper could be better than this bright little missive of love and light now is.

A fine bust of Louise M. Alcott, by Ricketson, has been presented to the Old Concord Public Library by the story-writer's sister, Mrs. Anna B. Pratt.

The home of W. C. Bryant at Great Barrington, in which he was married and wrote some of his poems, is to be preserved. Caleb Ticknor owns the place, and has built a hotel on the site; but he carefully shifted the old cottage to the rear of the new building instead of destroying it.

It is announced that Lady Henry Somerset has completed arrangements for starting a new woman's paper, to be called the *White Ribbon*, of which she will act as editor-in-chief. It will be published in London. Duchess of Bedford, Lady Carlisle, Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. Pearsall Smith (the latter two being American ladies), and other well-known workers in this cause are interested in the movement.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York), have in press for early publication the following: "Japan in Art and Industry," by Felix Regamey, translated from the French by Mrs. E. L. Sheldon; "The Fairy Tales of India," collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs; "The New Exodus," by Harold Frederic, based upon letters written by Mr. Frederic to the New York *Times* on the present condition of the Jews in Russia; "A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II."; "Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases," by George H. F. Nuttall, M.D.; "Temperament, Disease, and Health," an essay by Commodore F. E. Chadwick, U.S.A.; "Lyrics and Ballads of Heine, Goethe, and other German Poets," translated by Frances Hellman.

Rev. John S. Brown of Lawrence, Kan., writes: "I receive forty copies of Rev. M. J. Savage's weekly sermons for my Post-office Mission use, also one hundred copies of Rev. J. W. Chadwick's monthly sermons. A Baptist District Judge of Kansas writes me: 'I regard Mr. Savage as the greatest preacher of the day. His sermons are a perpetual delight to me. I read also the *Christian Register* with pleasure and instruction. Its philosophical treatment of great questions is refreshing after reading some of our hide-bound sectarian papers.'"

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The Atlantic Monthly (July).

Gen. McClellan. By Eben Greenough Scott.

In a Japanese Garden. By Lafcadio Hearn.

Chicago. By Edward G. Mason.

Arabian Horses. By H. C. Merwin.

Looking toward Salamis. By William Cranston Lawton.

The American Idealist. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

Talleyrand.

The Arena (July).

Women in the Alliance Movement. By Annie L. Diggs.

The Land of Social Contrasts; or, A

Briton's Impressions of America. By J. F. Muirhead.

In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism. Bacon *vs.* Shakspere. Part I. By Edwin Reed.

Hypnotism and Mental Suggestion. By B. O. Flower.

The Century Magazine (July).

Charles-François Daubigny. By Robert J. Wickenden.

Christopher Columbus. III. By Emilio Castelar.

Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition. II. By Henry Van Brunt.

The Finding of the Tomb of Aristotle. By Charles Waldstein.

Negus Negusti, and the Abyssinians. By Frederic Villiers.

What the Government is doing for the Farmer. By A. W. Harris.

The Review of Reviews (July).

Benjamin Harrison: A Character Sketch. By Gen. Thomas J. Morgan.

Russia's Conflict with Hunger. By W. C. Edgar.

How to learn a Language in Six Months. By W. T. Stead.

The Sanitarian (July).

Need of National Legislation for the Protection of Human Life. By A. N. Bell.

The New York Quarantine. By William M. Smith.

Capital Punishment. By A. Jacobi, W. C. Wey, and B. F. Sherman.

Scribner's Magazine (July).

Among the Poor of Chicago. By Joseph Kirkland.

The Art of Ravenna. By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

The Depths of the Sea. By N. S. Shaler.

The Evolution of a City Square. By Samuel Parsons.

The North American Review (July).

Politics and the Pulpit. By Bishop W. Croswell Doane and Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.

Abraham Lincoln as a Strategist. I. By Archibald Forbes.

Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine. II. By Sir J. William Dawson.

The Use of Cathedrals. By the Dean of St. Paul's.

The Situation in Italy. By ex-Prime Minister Crispi.

International Journal of Ethics (July).

Natural Selection in Morals. By S. Alexander.

What should be the Attitude of the Pulpit to the Labor Problem? By W. L. Sheldon.

Ethics of the Jewish Question. By Charles Zeublin.

Machiavelli's Prince. By W. R. Thayer.

On the Founding of a New Religion. By F. C. Sharp.

The Andover Review (July).

In Memory of Prof. Lewis French Stearns, D.D. By Prof. Francis B. Denio.

The Ethics of Creed Conformity. By Prof. J. M. Sterrett.

Missions and Civilization. By Rev. Charles C. Starbuck.

The Trial of Presbyterianism.

The Forum (July).

Necessity for Uniform State Laws. By James F. Colby.

A Glance at the European Armies. By Theodore A. Dodge.

Russia's Land System: The Cause of the Famine. By William C. Edgar.

The Standard Oil Trust: The Gospel of Greed. By Roger Sherman.

Why Women are paid less than Men. By Carroll D. Wright.

Does the Negro pay for his Education? By George W. Cable.

Lend a Hand (July).

Dr. Rainsford and the Drink Question. Discussed by Rev. John Tunis, L. Edwin Dudley, E. E. Hale, Christopher R. Eliot, C. S. Eaton.

Indian Life. By George T. Kercheval.

The San Francisco Almshouse. By Mrs. E. A. Weaver.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Oliver M. Cousens of Dexter, Me., having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all repects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. C. H. Rogers, Arkansas City, Kansas, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. William F. Furman, Westfield, N.Y., having sustained a thorough exam-

ination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. Moors, *Chairman.*
D. W. Morehouse, *Secretary.*

Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, N.H., July 31 to August 8.

Sunday, July 31, 10.30 A.M., sermon, Rev. E. L. Rexford of Boston; 2.30 P.M., sermon, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston; 7.30 P.M., conference meeting, led by Rev. S. C. Beane of Newburyport.

Monday, August 1, 2 P.M., the Grove Meeting will give way to the exercises of the Endicott Memorial. Hon. John J. Bell, Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., Hon. E. P. Jewell, and others will take part. 7.30 P.M., conference meeting, led by Rev. Edward B. Payne of Berkeley, Cal.

Tuesday, August 2, 10.30 A.M., sermon (preacher to be announced); 2.30 P.M., address, Rev. Watari Kitashima of Japan, on "Japanese Religions"; 7.30 P.M., conference meeting, led by Rev. James B. Morrison of Laconia.

Wednesday, August 3, 10.30 A.M., sermon, by Rev. Watari Kitashima; 2.30 P.M., excursion over the lake to Wolfboro; 7.30 P.M., lecture, Rev. T. G. Allen, secretary of the American Psychical Society, on "The Present Relation of Psychical Research to Biblical Study."

Thursday, August 4, 10.30 A.M., 2.30 P.M., and 7.30 P.M., meetings of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Religious Guilds, and Women's Alliance in combination. Speakers, Hon. H. G. Wadlin of Boston, Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston, Rev. D. M. Wilson of Quincy, Mass., Rev. Stopford W. Brooke of Boston, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord, Mass., Rev. W. W. Hayward of Medfield, Mass., Mrs. B. Ward Dix of New York, Mrs. E. A. Fifield of Boston, Rev. Mary T. Whitney of Millbury, Mass., and Miss Lillian Clarke of Boston.

Friday, August 5, 10.30 A.M., sermon, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke of Boston, followed by conference, led by Rev. D. M. Wilson of Quincy; 2.30 P.M., platform meeting in behalf of Union of Purpose and Endeavor among Liberal Christians. Rev. Edward B. Payne of Berkeley, Cal., will preside. Addresses by Rev. M. D. Shutter, D.D., of Minneapolis, Rev. William R. Alger of Boston, Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Boston, Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord, Mass. 7.30 P.M., platform meeting continued. Addresses, Rev. Thomas W. Illman of Concord, N.H., Rev. Watari Kitashima of Japan, Rev. S. W. Squires of New Haven, Conn., Rev. George M. Bodge of Leominster, and others. 9 P.M., social gathering.

Saturday, August 6, 10.30 A.M., sermon, Rev. George M. Bodge of Leominster, Mass., followed by conference, led by Rev. M. D. Shutter, D.D.; 2 P.M., excursion about the lake; 7.30 P.M., concert, the choir of boys.

Sunday, August 7, 10.15 A.M., praise service; 10.45 A.M., sermon, Rev. William R. Alger of Boston; 2.30 P.M., sermon, Rev. James K. Applebee of Boston; 7.30 P.M., farewell conference, with short addresses by the brethren.

Monday, August 8, excursion to the White Mountains.

Boston, Mass.—There is population enough left here to make jostling one's way along the narrow streets these hot days anything but a labor of love; and yet, within the narrower circle of our Unitarian churches, so many, both of the people and the ministers, have gone off that there is little to record as having gone on.

—Rev. Joseph Osgood, who occupies the unique position of having had only one ministerial settlement, and held it with the constantly increasing affection of his parishioners for fifty consecutive years, was fitly recognized at the Harvard Commencement exercises by having conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. Dr. Osgood is in the full enjoyment of sound health, and preached an admirable and vigorous semi-centennial sermon in his typical New England church at Cohasset.

—In October we are to have the gathering of the Ministers' Institute here, at the invitation of Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke's church, the Channing Society of Newton. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., of San Francisco. One day of the meeting will be devoted to papers on the conditions of progress in theology, when Prof. A. V. G. Allen will speak on "What constitutes Progress in Theology?" Prof. Egbert Smyth on "The New Theology," and Rev. E. H. Hall on "The New Unitarianism." Among other essayists will be Prof. Alpheus Hyatt on "Are Acquired Qualities Inherited?" Prof. J. B. Peters on "The Psalms," Prof. F. G. Peabody on his "Sociological Investigations in Europe," Prof. Jackson of Columbia College on "The Relations of the Avesta to Early Christianity," and Rev. Merle St. C. Wright on "The Grounds of Faith within and without the Soul." Reports on books will be made by Prof. Royce, Prof. Toy, and Rev. N. P. Gilman. One evening will be devoted to a platform meeting on "The Present Outlook in Religion," when representative men of several denominations will speak.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Rev. F. L. Hosmer, who has been pastor of the Unitarian church here for fourteen years, preached his farewell sermon on June 26. Mr. Hosmer had become much endeared to his people, and it was a great trial for each to part with the

other. He has accepted the secretaryship of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Cohasset, Mass.—The old First Church, with its beautiful location on one of the finest village greens in New England, was filled on Sunday, July 17, with a most appreciative audience, to listen to the fiftieth anniversary sermon of the beloved pastor, Rev. Joseph Osgood. Dr. Osgood is the only clergyman in the United States who has been settled over a single parish and preached the gospel in the same church for fifty years. His sermon was an intensely interesting *résumé* of the changes and progress he had watched and shared during his long and intimate ministry among six generations. When he first came from the Cambridge Divinity School, he found men and women who had lively recollections of the Revolutionary War; and a few months ago Dr. Osgood married a young couple, both groom and bride belonging to families to whom he had rendered parochial services for six generations. It was most fitting that Harvard University should have conferred upon Rev. Joseph Osgood at the recent commencement exercises the honorary degree of D. D.

Fargo, N.D.—The *Daily Argus* of June 28 contains a fine sermon by Rev. William Ballou, on "Works and Days."

Germany.—Liberal Christianity is often reproached with lack of missionary enthusiasm and of enterprise in missions to the heathen. It deserves notice, however, that at Strasburg there has been for ten years past a "General Missionary Society," with about twenty thousand members, which is exclusively supported by the liberal section of German Protestantism. Its founders felt that the theology commonly taught by orthodox missionaries was too elaborate to be intelligible to the uncivilized pagan races, and too irrational to be credible to the civilized ones, and that the most successful missionaries would be those who took their stand most completely on the simple and practical gospel which Christ himself taught. They selected Japan as the chief field of their activities, and their work there has prospered. In March last they sent out two more missionaries to that country. The society issues two periodicals, one popular and one of a scientific character. Liberalism has too long been a thing of words and arguments: we rejoice at every new step which it takes in the field of active usefulness.

Littleton, Mass.—Rev. E. J. Prescott has received and accepted a call to Kennebunk, Me.

Littleton, N.H.—After four years' earnest work Rev. L. D. Cochrane has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church, his resignation to take effect September 1. Mr. Cochrane is the first regular pastor of the society. Before coming to Littleton, he was told that there was a church, but no congregation. But one earnest man, Gen. George T. Cruft, one who desired to further the cause of Unitarianism, believed a congregation could be gathered, and so he nobly put his shoulder to the wheel by guaranteeing the minister's salary while the people were being gathered in. The work has been slow, and often discouraging, both to pastor and people, the results often looking small for the labor and energy expended. Still, there has been growth, and some things have been accomplished. When Mr. Cochrane came here four years ago, neither his nor the society's existence was recognized by the people of the town. Now both are acknowledged factors in the place. Mr. Cochrane has been a member of the school board for two years, and has gained a decided foothold with the young people. The Unity Club did a grand work last winter in the study of Goethe's "Faust." The Ladies' Society has come to be a power in the church,—earnest, determined, and willing to spend and be spent for the good of the cause.

The society is looking for the right man to go forward with the work begun when M. Cochrane leaves it.

Lowell, Mass.—The Channing Fraternity has begun its summer work. The "Country Week" Committee, working with Rev. George C. Wright of the Free Chapel, carries on its work in such a broad spirit as to secure the support of citizens without regard to creed. Last year upwards of two hundred women and children were sent into the country, at an expense of over $800. The Flower Mission is at work with the cooperation of the Unitarian church at Tyngsboro. Over two thousand bouquets were distributed last summer. The Fraternity has applied for admission to the Association of Unity Clubs, although it is an organization not easily classified. Its work is literary, social, religious, benevolent. It was intended to set people to work.

Milford, N.H.—"Flower Sunday" took place at this church the last Sunday in June. It was a day long to be remembered by us all. It was arranged that the consecration service, or, as we like to call it, "recognition" service, should take place as on Easter Sunday in the morning, and the concert to follow in the evening. You know of the beautiful Easter service when fifty-six adults took the right hand of fellowship as members of the church, ten of whom were, on that occasion, baptized, preceded by the christening of twelve children. Our plan is that three Sundays in the year shall be given to the reception of new members and to a christening service. This, then, was our second service,—the next will be New Year's Sunday,—and

twenty-one persons were given the hand of fellowship and three children were christened. This made ninety-two persons received into the church or recognized by it within ten weeks,—sixty-six adults, ten of whom were baptized, received by hand of fellowship, eleven confirmed members of the confirmation class, and fifteen children christened. The last reception of members was in some respects more interesting and encouraging than the first. It showed that the interest is a steady warmth and a healthy growth. It was composed of young men and women. It included the first confirmation class which had been under a year's training in the guild and otherwise. Some of the members were formerly Universalists, some recent converts from the local congregationalist and Baptist churches, and leading members of the same, who, without the knowledge of the Unitarian pastor, although from hearing him preach, thought themselves quietly and alone out of the old faith into the new. These people will be strong helpers by way of work and influence; and then many of the members of the Livermore Guild began a year ago, giddy and without serious purpose or interest in religious things. All our hearts burned and our souls kindled with gratitude as the impressive christening service was performed, and during the pastor's address to the eleven novitiates and their reception into the church by hand of fellowship. A new religious tone and temper pervade the entire church and congregation. Everything has been quiet, earnest, delightful, hearty, heavenly. The congregation has increased, the workers have multiplied. There has been a religious purpose at the heart of things: the thought side of work, the pleasure side, all has meant one thing,—better, truer life, character, accomplishment. It is the result of consecrated and organized church life. Ninety-two persons have been consecrated and welcomed to the church. It is much to thank God for. It is a hopeful sign of Unitarian progress.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The first Unitarian church publishes a little leaflet, containing notices, bond of union, etc., from which we quote the following: "We desire to make this church as much a religious home as possible. A cordial invitation is extended to all. If you are in sympathy with us, we want you to become one of us in our work. There is an open field for such a liberal church as ours in this city. Is it not the duty of all liberal people to help people promote its interests? Strangers are welcome, and are requested to make themselves known."

Oakland, Cal.—Rev. Charles Wendte, who went abroad in April for recreation and to represent the American Unitarian Association at the June anniversaries of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, writes that he has had a most enjoyable and profitable journey. The denominational meetings were very bright, and displayed new elements of growth and hopefulness. Rev. Brooke Herford received a warm welcome, and was a conspicuous figure at the gatherings. Mr. Wendte spoke at five or six of the meetings, and to the most kindly and responsive audiences he ever addressed. The Sunday-school Breakfast he found particularly interesting. Among the speakers was Mrs. Humphry Ward, whom Mr. Wendte also had the pleasure of meeting at her own house. The political campaign now going on enabled him to hear many of the leading statesmen, including Mr. Gladstone, to whose masterly electoral address he listened for an hour in London. It was an astonishing performance for a man of eighty-two.

Mr. Wendte has studied in particular the social and reform questions in England, and gathered much information. He is now visiting the English and Scotch lakes and cathedral towns, and will visit Germany, walking over an Alpine pass with his friend, Rev. Silas Farrington, and, returning, sails from Hamburg, July 29, for New York and his work in California. The Pacific Unitarian Conference will meet in Oakland in October, and dedicate also the beautiful new Unitarian church which Mr. Haskell's preaching talent and devotion have created in San José.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Rev. Mr. Horst has been preaching a series of sermons on the "Signs of the Time." The subjects were "The Old and New Thought of Man, Jesus, God, the Bible, and the Church." On Sunday evening, July 17, Mr. Horst gave a sermon lecture on "The Trinity, and why Christians should not believe it." After tracing its history and showing what influences helped to develop the doctrine, Mr. Horst said, "Christians should not believe in the trinity because (1) the Bible does not teach it, (2) our Lord and Master does not teach it, (3) it contradicts reason." This discourse received the closest attention.

Unity Church is open every Sunday during the summer season, and services are held both morning and evening.

Pomona, Cal.—Our church is now an incorporate body, "for the study and practice of religion, the worship of God, and the service of man." On Sunday, June 26, a business meeting was held, and constitution and by-laws were adopted. The attendance at Sunday services has so increased that the trustees have been obliged to put in fifty extra seats in the hall, which are already occupied, and more must be added soon. Since Mr. and Mrs. Sprague came here, thirty-one new members have joined the society, and more are coming. The society is now considering plans for church building.

Thursday night, June 23, the entertain-

ment Committee gave an evening's entertainment in the Opera House, consisting of "Esmeralda" and "The Loan of a Lover," from which was realized $67.55 for current expenses.

Children's Sunday was duly observed on June 19. The Sunday School Society's leaflet was used with great satisfaction. After the regular service, the three children of Mr. and Mrs. George Ross were "dedicated to the service of the true, the beautiful, and the good." Let Eastern people read what this young society is doing, and realize the opportunity for Unitarianism on the Pacific Coast.

Portland, Ore.—Vacation days are at hand; but it is not the intention of the pastors to close the doors of the Church of Our Father this summer. Evening services will be omitted during July and August, and perhaps there will be no session of the Sunday-school in August. The free reading-room in the parlors of the church will be kept open. We are all rejoicing in the improved condition of Dr. Eliot, who has been sick for two weeks, and we hope for his complete recovery. He has so long and faithfully gone in and out before us that we are quite lost when we cannot turn to him in every joy or sorrow. It has been a great comfort to him in his enforced absence from his usual activities that the duties of the pastorate are so ably carried on by his associate, Mr. Wilbur. The Post-office Mission has in press a new tract, entitled "Insincere Conformity," addressed to clergymen and laymen who remain in churches the creeds of which they do not believe. Mr. Wilbur, June 19, preached on the same subject. The Sunday-school held its annual Children's Day floral concert Sunday evening, June 12, in the church, which was filled with the school and its friends. The Ladies' Society gave another business-men's lunch at the chapel on Thursday, June 16, which was well attended, and very successful.

Rockland, Mass.—Mr. Joseph W. Stocks is to be ordained and installed as pastor of the Unitarian church here at an early date.

Rutherford, N.J.—We quote from the Rutherford *American* of June 30 the following: "Rev. George H. Badger begins his term as pastor of the Rutherford Unitarian Society to-morrow; and, when he arrives here from his old home in South Natick, Mass., he will at once become an important figure in an interesting movement closely connected with the growth and development of our town. Almost on the eve of his coming the trustees of the society adopted plans for a church building, to be put up on Home Avenue on land given to the society by Henry G. Bell. The estimated cost of the work is about $4,000, and we are informed that a large part of this sum has already been pledged. It is expected that the new church will be ready for occupancy by next October, when the society will be one year old. The record of this society is one almost unique in Unitarianism. When the building is completed, the society will in the space of one year have perfected its organization, held an unbroken series of Sunday services, organized a Women's Auxiliary, called a permanent pastor, and erected a permanent church home."

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The first annual report of the Unitarian church shows a year of much prosperity. The congregations have averaged more than three hundred each Sunday. One hundred and fifty persons have signed the roll of church membership. The place of meeting from the first has been the Salt Lake Theatre. A Sunday-school and a Ladies' Unitarian Society have been organized, and are prospering. The church is in a good condition financially. The president of the society closes his annual report by urging the need of a new church edifice, "a thoroughly modern meeting-house, with reading-room, ladies' parlors, kitchen, and club-room for the young, etc." and expressing his conviction that the society should and may erect such a church home at no distant day.

San Francisco, Cal.—The First Unitarian Church has had no vacation; and Dr. Stebbins has occupied the pulpit every Sunday, excepting on one occasion, when Mr. Haskell of San José stood in his place. The trustees have now tendered him a six weeks' vacation, to be taken at his pleasure; and it is probable that he will soon take the rest he needs.

—Mission Church: Rev. Mr. Van Ness has not yet returned from his visit to Boston, and the pulpit has been vacant for a month. He is expected soon, and his people will be made glad. The closing exercises of the Sunday-school—a floral service—was a very happy occasion. In the absence of Mr. Van Ness and the other officers of the school, the superintendent of Pilgrim Sunday-school took charge. The music was greatly helped by a cornet and violin. The recitations by the children, especially the smaller ones, were very charming. The hall was tastefully decorated, and altogether it was a delightful service.

Seattle, Wash.—Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., has received a unanimous vote of our Unitarian society to remain another year, beginning next September; and he has accepted the invitation. The Women's Auxiliary, the Sunday-school, Religious Study Class, and Young People's Fraternity are all maintained with steady interest and earnestness. Prof. John Fiske recently occupied the pulpit, giving an address on "The Problem of Evil," which was listened to wth great interest by a large audience.

Shelbyville, Ill.—We made a mistake last month in announcing the time of the dedication of Brother Douthit's new church. It should have been *July* 24 instead of June. Besides the dedication Mrs. Ada W. Kepley of Effingham is to be ordained to the Unitarian ministry.

Stockton, Cal.—The Unitarian ladies of this city have organized a Women's Auxiliary, and meet on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. President, Mrs. Algie C. Kelsey; vice-president, Mrs. Jennie Gildea; treasurer, Mrs. Alice S. Hanlon; secretary, Mrs. Alice Worthing. The auxiliary is studying the "Origin of and Arguments for Unitarianism," and a good deal of interest is manifested.

Sturgis, Mich.—The *Saturday Mail* of June 18 contains a timely and able sermon by Rev. G. W. Buckley on "Liberty and Religion."

Toledo, Ohio.—The Toledo *Blade* of July 6 prints in full a very suggestive sermon of Rev. A. G. Jennings, in which he makes a strong plea for theology, urging that it is the minister's "specialty," and a subject as important and as practical as any known to men. The lot for the new Unitarian church is nearly paid for. It is hoped that work may begin on the building in the fall. The Unitarian Sunday-school recently went on a picnic excursion to Presque Isle, and had a very happy time.

Upton, Mass.—Mr. Thomas E. Chappell of Cambridge has been invited to take charge of the Unitarian church here.

Westboro, Mass.—The First Church has extended a call to W. R. Buxton of the Cambridge Divinity School.

Westford, Mass.—Rev. J. H. Horner has received a call to the First Unitarian Church of Sacramento, Cal., and, we understand, will accept.

JOTTINGS.

Lo, here has been dawning another new day! Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
—*Thomas Carlyle.*

It is for us, if we be true Christians, to have such a constant tendency toward joyfulness that, when sorrows come, we shall be able to strike them through with the light and color of hope.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip to haud the wretch in order." That is the effect of the Scripture teaching in some of the London board schools. One of the board's inspectors, reporting on Scripture teaching, says that "many of the children give great prominence to the idea that the Deity was an avenging one, and that one was to do right because of the fear of eternal punishment." He suggested that this was not the true Christian doctrine; but the words were expunged from the report, for what reason or by whose orders it does not clearly appear.

A lot of force is wasted in education by fancying that the cardinal virtues can be delivered in recipes. We acquire virtues by doing virtuous acts. Good habits are the mechanics of virtue.—*President Hyde of Bowdoin.*

Among so many, can he care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of his
Where he hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!
—*A. D. T. Whitney.*

The first railway to Jerusalem will, we are told, be opened in the spring of the coming year. It is a short line, running only from Joppa, the nearest port on the Mediterranean, and intended to accommodate the growing passenger and other traffic between that place and the Holy City. The work of construction is being carried out by a French company, who began laying down the line in April, 1890. It is fully expected that the speculation will be a paying one. The company anticipates, at all events, making large profits, after paying the shareholders a guaranteed interest of five per cent. It is stated that over 40,000 persons land at Joppa every year, in order to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and other spots celebrated in sacred history. The number of steamers and other vessels putting in to the port of Joppa is now upward of eight hundred a year, the destination of most of the passengers and merchandise they convey being the capital of Palestine. In evidence of the recent rapid growth of the traffic, it may be mentioned that Joppa has trebled its population within the past thirty years. Tourists will be able to take a return ticket from the port in question and Jerusalem for 20 francs; and, what is more, they will be able to do the journey in a far shorter time with infinitely greater safety than hitherto. The rush of tourists from all parts of the civilized world to Jerusalem will, if the expectations of the promoters are fulfilled, be something phenomenal in the immediate future.—*London Evening Standard.*

Oh, the eye's light is a noble gift of Heaven. All beings live from light, each fair, created thing: the very plants turn with a joyful transport to the light.—*Schiller.*

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